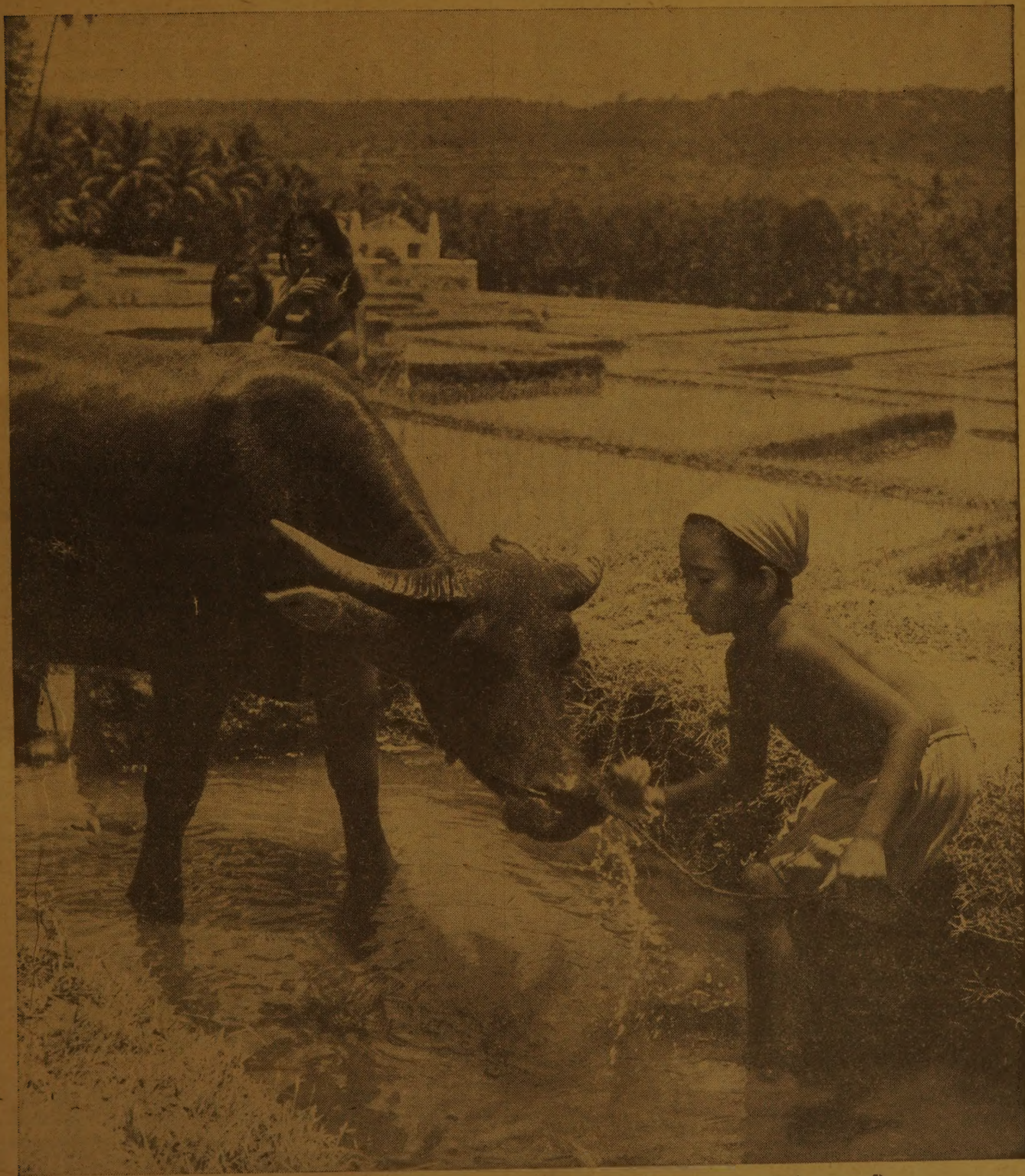


# The Listener

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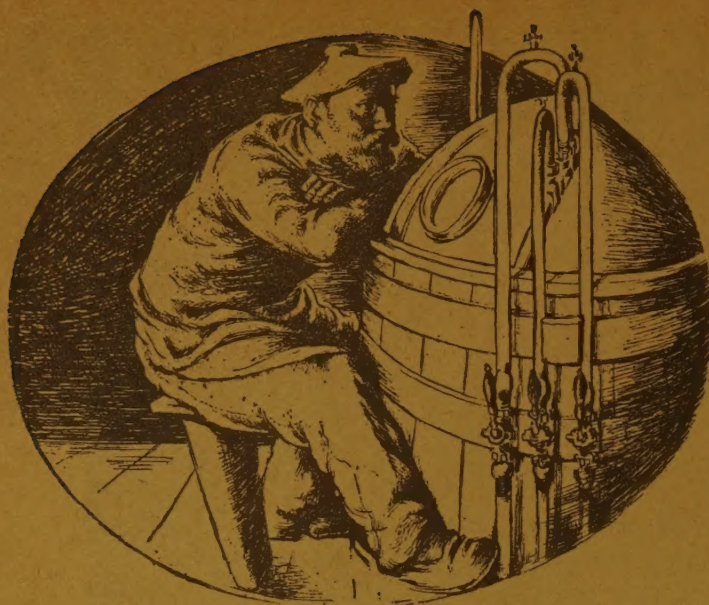


Traditional ways in the paddy fields in Bali, part of the new state of Indonesia (see page 5)

In this number:

- Rival Colonial Policies in Africa (Louis Kraft)
- The Fastest Train on Earth (Cecil J. Allen)
- The Lyrical Imagination of Monet (David Sylvester)



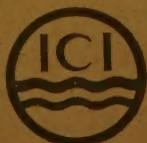


## *Silent Witnesses*

IN DAYS GONE BY, the manufacture of nitro-glycerine was controlled by men seated on one-legged stools. It was reckoned that, if the strain of unbroken concentration made them sleepy, they would fall over and wake up. Modern control methods in chemical works present a different picture. The acetone plant at I.C.I.'s Billingham works, for example, contains nearly a hundred controls, yet it is looked after by only two men—constantly on the watch to ensure that everything is working smoothly. The main factor in bringing about this great change is Instrumentation. Close inspection of the acetone plant—typical of I.C.I.'s latest practice—reveals packed rows of fine copper pipes—the “nerves” of the control system—bending in and out of the strange silver shapes of the plant itself, and converging on a control room.

Here, in the “brain” of the plant, details of levels, flows, temperatures and pressures are received by the dials and controllers that line the walls from floor to ceiling. In the centre are two great desks, and here sit the operators, who from time to time press switches and enter readings in a book. It is a far cry from the men on the one-legged stools to these gleaming panels of silent witnesses. The instrument experts who are keeping I.C.I. in the forefront of automatic control in chemical plant have their eyes on the future. Already they have ushered in the change from recording to controlling instruments. But these controllers merely hold the process conditions to levels pre-determined by the operator. The next step is to provide a master control which will itself determine how the equipment should operate to give maximum output of a product of the desired quality. It is this type of control that I.C.I. chemists and instrument experts are now developing, with the full resources of a great company behind them.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



## JULY

### IN AID OF

Why a foreign name should have attached itself to anything as English as a Fête remains a mystery. There is, it is true, a hint of continental devilry about the Ankle-Judging Competition; but it is only a very mild hint. The rest of the programme—and often, unfortunately, the July weather—is unmistakably English. Convention decrees that the Fête should be formally opened, preferably by an ornament of the theatrical profession. After she has said a few words, rendered either completely inaudible or painfully stentorian according to the whim of the microphone, the fun can begin. The clatter of ninepins is continuous as men wearing resolute expressions bowl interminably for a pig. The ping of airguns (their foresights judiciously sabotaged) punctuates the broadcast gramophone music. Hoop-la rings settle on a table dotted with small, repulsive trophies (“Better luck next time, dear”). In the subaqueous gloom of a marquee, prize-winning entries in the garden-produce competition are scrutinized with envious awe. Behind the scenes there is an interlude of consternation; someone has forgotten the sacks for the sack-race.

At the end of the day, with any luck, some worthy local cause is the richer by ten or twenty pounds. As a method of raising money the Fête is elaborate rather than efficient, as a form of entertainment it scarcely ranks in the first class; but as a British institution it is not without a ramshackle charm of its own.



At the opposite end of the financial scale stands the Midland Bank, another British institution which also serves a “worthy cause” by providing essential banking assistance to industry, commerce, agriculture and the private customer.

MIDLAND BANK



# The Listener

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## Was the Arbenz Government Really 'Red'?

By PATRICK KEATLEY

**W**HAT sort of men made up the Government of President Jacobo Arbenz\* which was in power in Guatemala since the general election of four years ago? Were they agrarian reformers, liberal capitalists, typical Latin-American strong men with territorial ambitions, or just plain communists? The question is one which defies a simple answer, but the best answer, as I see it, is that the regime contained almost equal parts of all four.

During the month which I spent in Central America, I put this same question to a great many different people: Guatemalans in exile, officials of neighbouring Latin-American states which are unfriendly to Guatemala, officials of the Arbenz government and to other newsmen like myself.

One of the first people I talked to was a reporter for one of the American radio networks who arrived in British Honduras after being escorted to the border by officials of the Guatemalan Foreign Office. He had been given forty-eight hours to leave, and I asked him if this sort of censorship meant that the communists had taken over. He has spent twenty years in Latin America and speaks fluent Spanish, and his reply was: 'Certainly not—that's just standard, Latin-American, strong-arm stuff'. An American newspaperman who arrived a week later, also by request, was equally cheerful.

These men, despite their rough handling, take a friendly view towards the Guatemalans that is a long way from the position of, say, Mr. John Foster Dulles. They told me that in the four years of the Arbenz Government, and in the six years of the one which preceded it, the President—who was the strong man in both—took no move to interfere with business, that is, with private enterprises operated by Guatemalans. Nor has there been any nationalisation of industry, nor is there any programme on the statute books to do so. However, there has most emphatically been considerable interference with one industry, namely, the American United Fruit Company of Boston, which has now lost more than a quarter of its land holdings through expropriation.

But the American newsmen I mentioned, who have observed the campaign against the United Fruit Company over the past three years, put it down as economic nationalism rather than communism. They compared it to the nationalising of the oil companies which took place in Mexico under a socialist regime, and of the railways in Argentina under a right-wing government—simply the Guatemalans asserting themselves against the so-called 'gringos' from the United States who were, and still are, the largest single land owners in Guatemala.

This land programme is worth looking at, since it has so much to do with the present high feelings on the part of the Americans.

\* The resignation of President Arbenz was reported on June 28, after this broadcast was given.



The National Agrarian Department, under Decree 900, may expropriate only land which is uncultivated and which is more than 225 acres in extent. Approximately 1,000,000 acres were found to be idle, according to this definition, and have been expropriated, including 174,000 acres owned by the United Fruit Company, acres which the government refers to as 'potentially the most productive in the nation'. The former owners of these lands have been compensated with Government bonds which they cannot cash but must deposit in the central bank of the country. They are then paid interest in Guatemalan quetzals, which are negotiable at par with American dollars.

When the Arbenz Government took over in 1950 some seventy-eight per cent. of the land of Guatemala was in the hands of two per cent. of the population. Today 71,000 peasant families are settled on land obtained by expropriation, and there has been no sovietisation of these lands, as far as I could observe.

This, then, is the country referred to last year by the then American Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Spruille Braden, as 'a beachhead for international communism in America'. The point is somewhat dulled by the fact that Mr. Braden has since left government service and is now a consultant to the United Fruit Company. It is true that the company is a model employer. It pays good wages and it provides social securities. But there is little love lost between the average Guatemalteco—as he calls himself—and the white-skinned 'gringos' from the north.

The substance of the American charges about communism is not to be found so much in the economic policies of the Arbenz Government as in the field of trade unions. The most serious

charge is that the leader of the Guatemalan trades union confederation, Victor Manuel Gutierrez, has been behind the Iron Curtain every year since 1951—this much I was able to check myself—and I am told he has been going to Moscow since the nineteen-thirties. Two or three who go behind the Iron Curtain regularly are Flores, the leader of the agricultural and peasant workers unions, and Camey, the pro-communist Mayor of a large town near the capital. The leading theorist of the Revolutionary Action Party, which was President Arbenz's chief support in Parliament, is Charnaud Macdonald, another regular visitor to Russia.

On top of these individual cases, linking the present Guatemalan regime with Russia, there have been formal statements from two official sources which make one stop and think. One is the pastoral letter by Archbishop Arellano which was read from the pulpit in every parish church in Guatemala during the week I was there. The Archbishop said flatly that the present regime is pro-communist and warned his flock accordingly. The other criticism comes from the American Federation of Labour which stated last month that the free trade unions of Guatemala has been smashed and their leaders exiled.

What did it all add up to? A mildly left-wing regime, which was no military threat to anyone and which might conceivably have freed itself from the small clique of communists who were so close to President Arbenz. But there are those who envisage the possibility of a red Guatemala which could—as a centre for espionage and under-cover military forces—be a severe embarrassment to the free world.—*Home Service*

## American Reactions to the Crisis in Guatemala

By ED MORGAN

**F**EW people would argue that the flare up in Guatemala is as important in world affairs as the war in Indo-China. But the situation in Central America could become very sticky indeed for the United States. Moscow has already begun to replough a historically rich furrow of propaganda, charging that Yankee imperialists are at work south of the border again. A *New York Times* despatch from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, sums up the American dilemma by reporting that the United States is likely to get the blame, no matter how the revolt in Guatemala ends. For long-past sins of imperialism in Latin America this might be deserving if delayed punishment. But as is so often the case, there is nothing simple about this business in Guatemala, and Washington's relation to it.

Americans in general and the Government in particular have been worried for some time about the dangerously pro-communist leanings of the Arbenz regime in Guatemala, even though there is little question that it was legally elected. Against any U.S. pressure, however delicately applied, the communists could and did reply with the stark and still hate-stirring phrase of 'American intervention'. They played heavily on the fact that the United Fruit Company has interests in Guatemala. Here, again, they stressed the checkered chapters of the United Fruit activity in the so-called banana republic written decades ago; and pointedly omitted reference to the fact that, along with the application of the good neighbour policy in Latin America, the company itself has pursued far more enlightened policies in Guatemala in more recent times. In addition, United Fruit's holdings there have been reduced partly by expropriation.

It was perhaps the more ancient history of American activity in Latin America, which inspired *The Manchester Guardian* to utter a somewhat sarcastic 'Tut-tut' over American moralising to Britain on the issue of colonialism. We are, indeed, still inclined to moralise to our allies at the drop of the proverbial hat, while reacting with pique when our own policies are questioned. Still, the British must be and undoubtedly are aware of the fact that Britain, too, has interests at stake in the immediate vicinity of this somewhat Gilbert-and-Sullivan action in Guatemala, namely, Belize, more commonly known as British Honduras.

To Washington, the most pressing problem is to avoid the establishment of a communist foothold in this hemisphere. That was the urgent policy behind the angry warning by Ambassador Lodge to the Russians before the Security Council to stay out of this hemisphere, and, as he put it, also 'not to try to start your plans and conspiracies here'. This is a warning which, on the face of it, would hardly provoke any serious opposition anywhere in this country. There could be however, and undoubtedly will be, questions as to American methods in dealing with this danger. Some broad inferences have already been drawn that Washington encouraged the rebels under Colonel Castillo Armas. Certainly Washington's vigorous anti-Arbenz policy has encouraged them at least vicariously. Whether we planned it that way or whether we did not, American prestige is somehow wrapped up now in the success or failure of Castillo's venture.

As *The New York Times* has already pointed out, if he wins, the nascent anti-American sentiment in Latin America, crystallised no doubt by the manipulations of communist propaganda, will be deposited in a heavy shower of accusations around our heads. If Castillo's efforts are abortive, there is sure to be criticism within the United States that the Eisenhower Administration should not have let it happen.

Whatever the immediate military and political outcome of the Castillo uprising, one long-term result should be a re-examination by the Government in Washington of our whole policy toward Latin America. Since 1945, as dollar surpluses built up during the second world war have melted away, the economies of many, if not most, Latin American countries have been dangerously weakened. And many Latins hold Washington at least partly to blame for this, pointing out that of more than \$500 billion distributed in grants and credits by the U.S. to foreign countries in the first five post-war years, less than two per cent. went to Latin America.—*Home Service*

*Chronology of the Nuclear Age* is a background booklet published by the Current Affairs Unit of the English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth and the British-American Associates. Copies may be obtained without charge from the Unit, 37, Charles Street, London, W.1.



# The Future of Indonesia

By JAMES H. HUIZINGA

**I**F you look at the map you will soon see why Indonesia, with its 3,000 islands and 80,000,000 inhabitants, is a country of no little interest to the planners of western strategy. Situated as it is between Malaya and Australia and straddling the sea routes that connect the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, it occupies a key position. If, therefore, it ever comes to a joint defence organisation for south-east Asia, Indonesia can hardly be left out. Without it the chain, which Mr. Dulles is anxious to forge around Communist China and which is to extend from India to Australia, would miss its central link.

But will the Indonesians consent to take their place in such a chain? Time will tell; as in India, the neutralists or isolationists, who will not touch a western alliance with a barge-pole, may be the most vocal and numerous element among the country's politicians but that does not mean that they have the field entirely to themselves. Even so, when I was there in March of this year I could not help but feel that Mr. Dulles would find Indonesian neutralism an even harder nut to crack than that of India. More than any other of the new Asiatic states, so it seemed to me, Indonesia still lives in the past, obsessed by fears of its former enemy, western imperialism, and careless of the new danger which threatens its freedom now—oriental communism.

In so far as this new danger comes from inside, the Indonesians feel they do not need any western alliance to cope with it. And in that they are probably quite right. For it is difficult to see how entry into the western camp would help them to combat their own communists. What they need for that purpose is economic aid. And if such aid could only be had at the price of entering into military understandings with the west, which would of course be denounced by the communists as a national sell-out, it might well prove too dearly bought. Nationalist sentiment being as strong as it is in this country, the communists would probably gain rather than lose by any such deal.

It would be different, of course, if the Indonesians felt themselves threatened from the outside, if they saw Soviet Russia and Communist China as aggressive expansionist powers. But the fact is that most of them do not. They are still apt to see them as champions rather than as enemies of their national independence. Take, for instance, a man like Dr. Ahmed Soekarno, the President of Indonesia. He is certainly not a communist nor even a fellow traveller. And, what is more, he proved it when, at the cost of considerable bloodshed, he suppressed the communist rising of 1948. And yet, when you read some of his speeches you would think he was a loyal disciple of the Kremlin. 'Within a free Soviet Russia', he said on a famous occasion, just before the proclamation of the Republic, 'Stalin

set free the hearts of the people'. And Lenin, too, was for him 'the liberator of Russia' whose example he asked his audience to emulate.

But what he meant by that was not that Indonesia should go communist but that it should make nationalism its guiding passion. What he admires in countries like Russia or China is not their internal regime but their external achievements in making themselves strong enough to stand up to the western world. Quite rightly, he and his like identify communism with the extreme nationalism so dear to their own heart, and quite wrongly, though perhaps understandably, they do not see Russian and Chinese nationalism as a grave threat to their own independence. They say to themselves: Has not Soviet Russia always been the champion of the colonial peoples' right to self-determination, their foremost ally in the struggle against the western ruler? Is it not even now doing all it can to help their dark-skinned brothers in other parts of the world to throw off the western yoke? And there is also something else which makes many Indonesians still feel a lingering sense of kinship with the communist world. They see Lenin, Stalin, and Mao not only as fellow-nationalists but also as fellow-revolutionaries, rebels who have overthrown the established order just as they themselves have done.

I do not want to suggest with all this that Indonesia's sympathies are with Russia and China rather than with the west. That would be going too far, if only because this is an Islamic country many of whose leaders would rather fight than see their people dragged or bullied into the Church of Moscow. But I think one can say that the resistances to joining the west against the east are even greater than in India. Indonesia is further away, not only from recognising the new enemy, which now threatens south-east Asia's freedom, but also from reconciliation with the old enemy.

It is not difficult to see why this should be so. For one thing, Indonesia, in contrast to India, had to wrest its freedom from its colonial ruler by armed force. And many cemeteries testify to the blood that was shed in that struggle as recently as five years ago. Secondly, Indonesia has so far achieved the shadow rather than the substance of independence, as a very large part of the resources on which the

new state must depend both for its internal revenue and its foreign exchange are still in the hands of the Dutch. They control more than sixty per cent. of the production for export, contribute nearly half of the state's total revenue, and run practically all the traffic between the islands. No wonder that irks the Indonesians and makes them feel that their national revolution is really only half completed. In fact, this idea that the revolutionary work must go on recurs



President Soekarno of Indonesia



Map showing the islands which comprise Indonesia. British possessions are marked 'BR.'



constantly in President Soekarno's speeches. In that sense, there is a great difference between India and Indonesia. The former is busy building up a new order, the latter still seems intent on pulling down what remains of the old order. And that, of course, does not make for happy relations with its representatives, the Dutch.

### 'A Rather Unfriendly Attitude'

Nor that I noticed any feelings of hostility on the personal level; quite the contrary. In spite of the fact that most of Indonesia's present leaders spent a much larger part of their adult life in prison or in exile than Nehru or Gandhi, they seemed surprisingly free from resentment. But that does not alter the fact that both the tone of the press and the actions of the Government often seemed to indicate a rather unfriendly attitude to the former rulers or, for that matter, to the west as a whole. For the curious thing is that the Americans who, after all, did a good deal at Lake Success to persuade the Dutch to get out, seem to have earned remarkably little gratitude for the helping hand they gave to Indonesian nationalism. They, too, are now apparently regarded as suspect, because of the so-called imperialist company they keep or because they have so far refused to support the Indonesian claim to the only part of the archipelago which is still under the Dutch flag: New Guinea.

On all these counts, therefore, the chances of Indonesia being persuaded to enter into a joint defence organisation with the west do not seem to me very bright as yet, particularly as the Government has all it can do to solve its own domestic problems which are formidable indeed. For in contrast to India, Indonesia is still a pretty disorderly place. It has not yet fully emerged from the chaos out of which it was born. And what a chaos that was, as confused a period of fighting and quarrelling as ever gave rise to the birth of a nation. Perhaps you remember how it started, immediately after the war. At that time Soekarno, the man who subsequently became the undisputed leader, was kidnapped by some youthful hot heads. They got him to proclaim the independent republic, prematurely as he then thought, by threatening to kill him if he waited any longer. And so it has continued ever since, with the nationalists not only fighting the Dutch but also quarrelling, sometimes to the point of bloodshed, among themselves.

It is all very different from India. There the new state was founded on three fairly solid pillars: a well-trained, well-disciplined, and strictly non-political army, a strong and stable government based on a great political party commanding the allegiance of the vast majority of the people's representatives, and, finally, a fully qualified elite of civil servants. Indonesia had to start its career as a self-governing nation with vastly inferior equipment. First of all, the standards demanded by the Dutch were so high that only relatively few Indonesians had qualified for the top posts in the civil service. The result was that at the time of the transfer of power only a small body of trained officials were available to take over the administration. Secondly, no great majority party like the Indian Congress or the Moslem League came into being that could take over power from the

Dutch and give the country strong and stable government.

There were two reasons for this. On the one hand, the Indonesians had modelled their political institutions on the Dutch multi-party system, and, on the other, the foremost native leaders, who might perhaps have welded the different parties into a united nationalist movement, did not get the chance, as they had to spend their best years in exile. So, as a result, sovereign Indonesia has had to make do with a series of ever-shifting coalition governments. Nor has destiny, which has been notoriously unkind to Indonesia, given it a great popular leader, like Nehru, who could form an instrument of effective political power by knocking a number of quarrelling heads together. True, there is Soekarno. But, popular as he may still be with the masses, Soekarno does not anywhere near enjoy the same unchallenged pre-eminence as Nehru and, moreover, Soekarno sits in the wrong place to act as the architect and the leader of a great political party. For his position is that of head of the state, like M. Coty of France or Signor Einaudi of Italy.

Finally, instead of an effective instrument of military power such as Nehru inherited in the Indian Army, Indonesia had no real army to start with. All it had was an armed nationalist movement, a great body of ill-trained, ill-disciplined guerilla fighters who had helped to win the struggle for freedom. Moreover its officers are divided into two factions, both of which are inclined to meddle in politics. For instance, there was the famous incident of October, 1952, when the territorial commanders belonging to one of the two factions trained their guns on the presidential palace so as to back up their demand for the dismissal of parliament which at that time seemed to be siding with the opposing faction.

Enough has been said to show that Indonesia is not yet a model democracy. In fact it is not even yet a full-blown state: for a state presupposes that the Government's writ runs throughout the country, and that is far from being the case, so far. In parts of this island realm armed gangs, some of them ordinary bandits, others political opponents of the regime, control the countryside. Last year they murdered no less than 2,500 villagers, burned down 15,000 houses, and attacked nearly 700 police posts. And, although the Government forces vastly outnumber the rebels, their war, if you can call it that, remains static with neither side making any noticeable progress.

### An Infant State

So the general picture Indonesia presents today is that of an infant state which not only has yet to establish its authority over a considerable part of the nation's territory but also to fashion the instruments of power necessary to give the country the strong and stable government which it so badly needs. But severe as the country's teething troubles are, I none the less came away with a feeling that somehow or other the Indonesians will pull themselves together. For whatever they may still lack to make a success of their independence—and that is a great deal—there is one thing which they have in abundance and in which they are all deeply united: their passionate attachment to their newly won freedom and their independent statehood.—*Home Service*

## A World Surplus of Wheat?

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

IT is a long time since the world has had to face the problem of old-fashioned surplus. In fact, for the past fifteen years or so, we have been struggling most of the time with shortages of one commodity or another; and so we come surprised and unprepared to deal with what was, after all, the commonest economic problem of the nineteen-thirties—the problem of abundance. What do you do if there is much more wheat available in the world than can possibly be sold at anywhere near current prices? That is the question that dominated the meeting of the International Wheat Council which was held in London last week\*.

The meeting was being held at a critical moment, just after the outbreak of something that looked very much like a price war between the United States and the other big wheat exporting countries. This started when the American Government, which has for some time been financing the export of wheat at well below its cost price, decided the

other day to increase its export subsidy by ten cents for every bushel of wheat. That meant, in practice, that American exporters, with that much more subsidy money in their pockets, promptly cut the prices they were quoting by ten cents a bushel; and the next thing was that the Canadians followed suit. The United States and Canada are much the largest wheat exporting countries; they largely determine the price at which the other important exporters, notably Australia and Argentina, sell their crop.

At the moment they are all apprehensive, because they do not believe that the ten cent cut in the American price is the end of the story. The crucial fact now is that the American Government is paying a subsidy of half a dollar or more on every bushel of wheat sent abroad, merely for the privilege of selling it on the world market. There is no mystery about the reason for the latest increase in this subsidy; it was a desperate attempt to shift some of last year's huge stocks of wheat

\* The official communiqué published on June 22 made no reference to prices. The next meeting of the International Wheat Council will be held in October.



before the new harvest began to pour in, and then to overflow out of America's overburdened storage capacity. In the present crop year—that is, in the ten months since last August—United States exports of wheat have dropped by about 130,000,000 bushels, compared with the previous year. That is a drop of about half. It has come on top of an exceptionally large carry-over of wheat stocks grown at the time of last year's harvest, and just before the arrival of another addition to stocks from this year's harvest, which all the experts forecast as another bumper crop.

### Scarcity of Storage Capacity

The immediate problem which the Americans face is, in fact, a physical shortage of storage capacity. It is the Government which is responsible for this side of the business. Under the agricultural price support programme, it fixes a minimum price for wheat and has to take over from farmers and pay for any quantity of wheat offered to it at that price. There is little doubt that a great deal of it will be offered by the farmers in this way, because the support price is well above the current price that wheat will fetch in world markets.

It is, incidentally, by making good this difference in price on American wheat shipped abroad, that the Government pays its export subsidies. But it also has the power, as the events of the past few days have shown, to dictate the world market price of wheat by increasing the amount of the subsidy. After all, the other exporting countries know that the United States alone could meet almost the whole of current world export demands out of its existing surplus. So they simply have to cut their prices if they are not to allow the Americans to sweep them out of the market altogether. And they certainly cannot afford that at this stage because they also have large stocks on their hands which they want to move.

Still, there is no guarantee now, even after the price cuts, that the Americans will be able to ship an appreciable amount of their surplus wheat. Most of the importing countries have ample supplies, and they are unlikely to rush in to buy on the theory that the Americans are now offering them bargain-basement prices. On the contrary, the general feeling among the importing nations seems to be that if they simply sit tight for a while longer, prices will fall still further. That is what makes the Canadians and the Australians rather apprehensive at the moment. Their fears are directly connected with the International Wheat Agreement, and so I must say a word about the mechanics of this arrangement among the exporting and importing countries, in order to make the picture clear.

This agreement fixes two prices, a maximum and minimum, and leaves it to the buyers and sellers, who are committed to certain specified quantities of wheat annually, to strike an actual bargain somewhere in between these two extremes. But the only ultimate sanction is that the selling countries, of whom there are only four under the Agreement—Canada, the United States, Australia, and France—must sell their quotas if they are offered the maximum price, and that the buying countries must buy if they are offered wheat at the maximum price. So, in a period when prices are neither at the maximum nor at the minimum, it is possible that buyers and sellers will go on haggling and the amount of actual wheat passing between them will be a good deal less than the quantities fixed under the International Wheat Agreement.

### Importers Holding Back

That, in fact, is precisely what has happened in the past year. With only a few weeks to go before the end of the crop year at the beginning of August, just about one half of the total quantity guaranteed under the Agreement has not been sold. The last information that I have seen suggests that a few of the biggest importing countries are mainly responsible for this. The most important of them is India, which has managed to feed herself out of her own domestic supplies with hardly any imports at all. Germany, too, which has the largest import quota of all under the International Agreement, also appears to be holding back. Some of the exporting countries feel that they have been unfairly treated. But the only way by which they can force the others to buy their full quotas from them is by reducing their prices to the minimum fixed by the International Wheat Agreement. This is one dollar fifty-five cents a bushel, which is still some way below the present market price. But it is on the cards that the Americans, in their anxiety to relieve the pressure on their storage capacity, will decide to raise their export subsidy by another few cents, so that the selling price of their wheat is brought down to the official minimum.

This is what the Canadians and Australians are afraid of, because they know that the outcome would simply be a fall in the world market price to one dollar fifty-five cents a bushel.

It is rather amusing, if I may be allowed a slight digression, to look back on the fierce arguments which took place last year between Britain and the exporting countries about fixing a new maximum price for the Wheat Agreement. The United States insisted that two dollars five cents a bushel was the lowest that it could go, while Britain, which had originally bargained for a much lower figure, would not countenance anything above two dollars. There was no compromise on this, and so Britain, which is far and away the world's biggest importer of wheat, withdrew from the International Wheat Agreement. The meeting took place in London last week because there is still a British chairman of the organisation, although there is no official British representative on it any longer.

What seems odd, looking back on last year's squabble, is that it was exclusively about the *maximum* price, which now turns out to be irrelevant, whereas everyone seems to have been agreed about the *minimum* price, which is the only thing that counts now. For me this has provided a lesson about the capacity of experts, including some hard-headed business men, to argue themselves to a standstill on an unreal hypothesis.

### Unbalance on International Scale

The conclusion is, then, that in the short term at any rate, the wheat-exporting countries are likely to have a difficult time. But looking further ahead beyond the immediate glut—is the world likely to be flooded with a surplus of wheat? Is there a danger that it may once again be dumped or burnt as fuel as it was in the nineteen-thirties? There is at the moment just the same unbalance on an international scale as there was then. While the Americans are working desperately hard to take about 30,000,000 acres of grain land out of cultivation, the Russians have launched a tremendous campaign to meet their shortage by bringing just about the same quantity of virgin land under cultivation in Siberia. The signs so far are that neither country is succeeding very well in its chosen task.

But beyond this fundamental contrast between the food production in the Soviet and the non-Soviet world, there is clear evidence of a tendency for world trade in wheat to contract from the unusually high levels of recent years. These have been much higher than the average before the war, and a high proportion of the extra amount has been American wheat supplied in the form of aid. That wheat saved large areas of the world from starvation. But now that the output of food per head in Asia has at last recovered, while the domestic agriculture of the old deficit area in western Europe has at the same time grown so much more productive, the importers are buying less; and they naturally tend to cut first on dollar wheat.

Canada, in spite of being a dollar country, is in a much stronger position than the United States to face this because she has virtually a world monopoly in hard, high protein wheat. Australia, too, has a favoured place as a seller of sterling wheat. So that the trouble caused by the new abundance tends to be concentrated on the United States. As this happens, one can see the American Government wrestling with the problem of giving the grain away or selling it below cost, in ways that will do least harm, in places where it will serve a useful purpose, and at the same time in a manner that will not be too blatant to the American domestic consumer, who is often morbidly sensitive about the high price he has to pay for his food, compared with the foreigner.

—General Overseas Service

Among recent books are: *The Future of Undeveloped Countries: Political Implications of Economic Development*, by Eugene Staley (R.I.I.A., 36s.); *The Scottish Economy*, edited by A. K. Cairncross (Cambridge, 30s.); *A History of Christianity*, by Kenneth Scott Latourette (Eyre and Spottiswood, 63s.); *The Latin Language*, by L. R. Palmer (Faber, 45s.); *The Music Masters (The Twentieth Century)*, edited by A. L. Bacharach (Cassell, 25s.); *The Practice of Psycho-Therapy*, by C. G. Jung, translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull (Routledge and Kegan Paul, The Collected Works of C. G. Jung, Vol. 16, 30s.); *South African Missions 1800-1950*, an anthology compiled by Horton Davies and R. H. W. Shepherd (Nelson, 12s. 6d.), and *The Sophists*, by Mario Untersteiner, translated from the Italian by Kathleen Freeman (Blackwell, 31s. 6d.). Three new additions to Loeb's Classical Library have just been made: *Minor Attic Orators Vol. II: Dimarchus, Lycurgus, Demades, Hyperides*, translated by J. O. Burt; *Diodorus Siculus VI Books XIV-XV, 19*, translated by C. H. Oldfather, and *Diodorus Siculus X Books XIX, 66-XX*, translated by Russel M. Geer (Heinemann, 15s. each).



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

## Here is the News

**N**EXT Monday the B.B.C. will introduce a regular television news service replacing or, more accurately, incorporating, its television newsreel. Without slapping ourselves too heartily on the back, but at the same time avoiding falling over backwards, we may say that the news services in sound broadcasting have now won a high reputation for impartiality and accuracy. In their early days and even during the nineteen-thirties the B.B.C. news bulletins were the subject of frequent criticism on account of what they put in, how things were expressed, and what was left out. But during the war the value, importance, and accuracy (subject of course to war-time inhibitions and prohibitions) of the B.B.C. news was widely recognised and praised. Moreover the services were expanded and improved. When the B.B.C. began, its news was subjected to many restrictions, for it was bound to a few recognised press agencies. Today the B.B.C. has its own corps of reporters and foreign correspondents, and, with its regular programmes, such as 'Radio Newsreel' and 'The Eye-witness', it has improved the range and interest of its services.

The basis of the B.B.C. news service has always been and remains the impartial presentation of the facts without comment. The delight—the duty, maybe—of the professional journalist in finding and presenting 'the news behind the news' or in taking a risk upon the use of rumour or gossip lies outside the Corporation's sphere. Independent speakers are invited both in television and in sound broadcasting programmes to give their opinions upon current problems, but the B.B.C.'s own staff aims at elucidating rather than interpreting the news in the manner of the American radio commentator. And it is partly on this account that the B.B.C. news has been trusted both in peace and war. Now, as the Director-General explained last week, 'we have the problem of giving in television programmes news with the same standards that the Corporation has built in sound—impartial, comprehensive, and giving the right weight to various important stories—and, at the same time, to illustrate the news and let events describe themselves'.

Hitherto television has provided in its newsreel a magazine programme not essentially dissimilar from those provided in the cinemas. Topical events which lend themselves to photography, such as ceremonial processions, sporting competitions, and the arrival and departure of distinguished visitors on well-marked occasions have naturally made up the bulk of such programmes. Such film sequences have often inevitably been a little out of date and therefore do not qualify to be called 'hard news' in the ordinary journalistic sense of the term. Now the illustrated news service in television, entitled 'News and Newsreel', will have a more immediate purpose. The hard news will be presented with the aid of still photographs, or film shots when available, maps and charts. The service will include also the latest moving pictures from at home and abroad and, on suitable occasions, live reports or interviews. Ultimately films may be obtainable from across the world almost as swiftly as telegrams can be received. Meanwhile this television service—which must be flexible to begin with—will not and perhaps cannot replace the frequent bulletins of sound broadcasting. But it will enable television viewers to have a service of a novel and topical kind aiming at the same standards as those that have been established by the B.B.C. in sound broadcasting.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Washington talks

ONE VIEW OF THE TALKS between the British and American leaders in Washington which was broadcast from Moscow was as follows:

Britain, which has lost a great deal as a result of its support for the American adventure in Korea, is obviously afraid of being involved in a 'second Korean war', which aggressive circles in the United States are seeking. Britain fears a further weakening of the ties with the countries of the British Empire. She fears that her support for American plans might mean a fresh blow at British interests.

Referring to the possibility that the British statesmen might recognise that E.D.C. is dead, and proceed to examine other means of rearming western Germany, the same commentator said:

Such new projects are quite contrary to the desires of broad circles of the British public which demands the establishment of an all-European system of collective security.

A Tirana commentator interpreted Sir Winston Churchill's visit to Washington as due to 'the many and great misunderstandings on various international problems, particularly those of south-east Asia'. The S.E.A.T.O. plan, according to the commentator, would become a means in the hands of the Americans 'whereby other colonial Powers will be excluded from that area'.

An Indian opinion is expressed by the *Hindustani Times* which says that it is all very well for the Western Powers to speak in terms of a south-east Asian defence pact or a Locarno-type non-aggression pact. What they ignore, says the newspaper, is the fact that they are virtually imposing their defence plans upon the Asian countries to serve western interests in the cold war. The newspaper expresses the hope that Britain will continue to maintain her independent attitude in working for a peaceful solution to world problems.

Soviet and satellite radios have been making a concerted effort to prove that the United States is entirely responsible for the situation in Guatemala, and that the invasion of that country is a demonstrative example of the alleged American policy of 'foreign intervention'. One Moscow commentator made this statement:

The whole world knows that the Guatemalan people are struggling against the interventionists hired, armed, and directed by the U.S. imperialists and are defending not only their own freedom and independence, but also the right of peoples everywhere to arrange their lives according to their own beliefs. In the eyes of the world public, the U.S. ruling circles appear as aggressors against the people of tiny Guatemala. The aggressors will not be able to evade responsibility for their crimes against Guatemala, for deliberately increasing international tension and for precipitating a criminal war in this part of the globe.

Another Soviet commentator had this to say:

Unlike previous acts of aggression by U.S. imperialists in their relations with Latin American countries, the armed intervention against Guatemala is being carried out in the first stages by forces recruited in the Latin American countries themselves. This corresponds with the tactics—of late widely used by the U.S.A.—of waging war by employing 'foreign hands'. Besides, the U.S. imperialists are anxious not to provide fresh evidence of their colonising policy.

A Prague broadcaster found the whole affair reminiscent of

the methods of Hitler and Mussolini eighteen years ago in supporting Franco's fascist army against the lawful democratic Government of Spain; the same brutal force was used by the U.S.A. in an effort to seek revenge against the people of Guatemala for their courage in expropriating 400,000 acres of unused land belonging to the United Fruit Company—Guatemalan land irrigated by the sweat of the Guatemalan people. This so-called liberating army, paid in dollars, has come to rob the Guatemalan peasants of their land.

Rumanian listeners were told by Bucharest Radio that 'American fruit merchants' refused to return the land to Guatemalan peasants:

at first with politeness and lawyers. Then with indirect threats they formed a gang of scoundrels armed to the teeth, whom they sent to remove the democracy of the Arbenz Government, to free the Guatemalan peasants from liberty, and to bring them anew as a gift the whip of the plantation owner, starvation, misery, and suffering.

Belgrade radio, quoting *Borba*, suggested that the Security Council's decision on Guatemala might have been 'more complete and energetic' and added that there was an immediate need for an international stand 'against any attempt, by intervention from abroad, to overthrow a legal government, regardless of its political character and programme'.



# Did You Hear That?

## RECONSTRUCTION ON A SHOE-STRING

'I WAS FORTUNATE in seeing a great deal of Lapland, a country as large as Denmark and Switzerland combined', said HILLAR KALLAS in a talk in the European Service, 'and the first thing that struck me was the miracle of reconstruction that the Finns have carried out on a shoe-string. All this while they were paying vast war reparations to Russia and resettling 500,000 Finnish refugees—one-eighth of the whole nation—from the areas seized by Russia under the Peace Treaty. It is difficult to realise that ten years ago all that man had built up laboriously over the centuries in this Arctic wilderness was in ruins. In the autumn of 1944, the Finnish Army, in conformity with the armistice terms, began to drive the Germans from Lapland, and in their retreat the German S.S. divisions exacted a terrible vengeance, destroying nearly every house, bridge, road, and railway line. Nearly the whole population had been evacuated; but hardly had the ruins ceased to smoke when the people of Lapland returned, living at first in cellars and holes in the ground. In five years, reconstruction had not only been completed but development had jumped a decade.

'In the backwoods of Salla Province, which had seen some of the heaviest fighting against the Russians, I had a chance to see something of what reconstruction meant in terms of human effort and skill. Here, 5,000 Finns from the eastern half of the province, which had to be given up to the Russians, have been resettled as farmers in virgin forest and reclaimed bogland. First, pioneer workers, employed by the Government, set up camp in the deep backwoods, sometimes thirty miles from the nearest village, drive roads through trackless country, cut down forest where land is suitable for farming, plough up the tree stumps with tractors, and deep drain the bogland. One third of Lapland is bog, and half of this could be made fit for cultivation.

'I visited one of these remote pioneer camps, where 100 men had been working for nearly a year. The men had set up their own electrical and central heating plants, wall-papered and generally decorated their temporary houses, and had an excellent travelling library. They were preparing the way for twenty-one farms of about 500 acres each for ex-service-men. When the pioneers have finished their job, the settlers move in, usually in the spring, and build the two-roomed *sauna* or bath-house, where the family will live until the main building is ready. I visited many settlers' houses, and was constantly surprised by the high standard of comfort. Modern kitchen units are the rule, with baking ovens, drying cupboards, and electric hot-plates. All had radios and

most of them had excellent little libraries, with translations from English and other European classics. Spinning and weaving is still done at home in most places.

'Eighty per cent. of Lapland is already electrified, but the Finns are going ahead with some of the biggest hydro-electric schemes in Europe. The plan is that in the next thirty years, Lapland alone will produce twice as much electric power as the whole of Finland at present. This power will be used mainly to develop new industries'.



New buildings in Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland, which was destroyed during the war

## CASTLETON GARLANDING

The ancient garlanding ceremony held at Castleton in Derbyshire on Oak Apple Day has many unusual features for those who are interested in old customs and folk lore. The principal figures—survivals from a remote past—are called the Jack-in-the-Green and the Queen. The Queen is actually a man dressed as a woman. But the Jack-in-the-Green is the really spectacular figure. He is completely covered from head to waist by an enormous number of flowers. This is the garland. On top of the garland is another head of flowers called the quane. MICHAEL RIX spoke of the origins of this ceremony in the North of England Home Service.

'People used to think', he said, 'that the garlanding at Castleton represented Charles II and Jane Lane escaping together, but there is more to it than that. The basic idea goes back to pagan times when our ancestors celebrated an annual ritual to ensure the prosperity of the crops and beasts by performing a human sacrifice. But, as far as I am concerned, the most exciting thing about Castleton is a connection I have spotted between the garland and one of the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. It is in a poem called "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", and the central figure bears an extraordinary resemblance to the garland.

'The poem was written in the days of Chaucer. During the Christmas Feast, King Arthur's Court was suddenly surprised to see a green giant mounted on a green horse ride into the hall. He challenges anyone to smite him a blow with the axe that he carries. The only condition is that the blow must be returned in twelve months' time. Sir Gawain accepts the challenge and chops off the Green Knight's head. Then, to everyone's surprise, the Green Knight picks up his head, mounts his horse and rides away. The description of the Green Knight at the beginning of this story bears such a close resemblance to the appearance of the Castleton Garland, that there can be no doubt that



Lumber-jacks at a pioneer camp visited by Mr. Hillar Kallas. The building with the smoke-stack is the central-heating plant



both poem and garlanding have a common source in some primitive human-sacrifice ritual.

'At Castleton I saw very much the same sight that the Knights of the Round Table must have seen. Riding towards me down the thronged street of this village came a monstrous figure towering its bulk above the crowd. It seemed to have a green bushy beard, and the quane, or top-knot, looked just like a gigantic human head. The king-cups tied in bunches across the chest gave a glint of gold, and all the other bright spring flowers with which it was covered sparkled like jewels.

'After parading the whole village the garland finally rode into the churchyard, and the quane was removed. But as the garland was hoisted by the bell-ringers to the top of the church tower, I realised that this symbolic human sacrifice had succeeded. The corpse was to be exposed on a high place to show that the scapegoat for the God of Fertility was indeed dead. And in the fields round Castleton the corn is sprouting as a symbol of the fact that the Green Knight never dies'.

### WHERE GILBERT WHITE LIVED

One of the most famous of English villages also happens, fortunately, to be one of the most unspoilt. It is the village of Selborne in Hampshire, the place where the famous naturalist Gilbert White lived two centuries ago. Not a great deal has changed at Selborne in those two centuries; the village lies under a steep escarpment of the Hampshire downs, among beech trees and hop gardens, and the streams of busy traffic of the twentieth century pass it by. Gilbert White lived in one of the pleasant old houses which still stand in the village street. It is called 'The Wakes'; it is up for sale at the moment and there is a plan afoot to turn it into a memorial to the man who was 'the father of British nature study'.

JAMES FISHER spoke about this in 'The Eye-witness'.

'About 200 years ago', he said, 'a quiet and intelligent young clergyman—a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford—started to keep a garden and a natural history diary in Selborne. Gradually he found himself getting obsessed with his home, with the natural history of his little Hampshire village. After Gilbert White had been writing letters to a couple of friends and keeping his diary for some years, the idea of publishing a little book occurred to him. I say little book, for what White knew, and discovered, about natural history is contained in about 100,000 words of fine, carefully written prose in his single masterpiece, *The Natural History of Selborne*.

'White was strangely diffident about this book. "It might soon be moulded into a work", he once wrote, "had I resolution and spirits enough to set about it". Gilbert White was leisurely, like most people of his age, and probably also lazy. Perhaps we must thank Gilbert's brother Benjamin, the publisher, for that last little push that publishers like to give. Not long before Gilbert died, *The Natural History of Selborne* was published in December, 1788. In some magical way it has become the world's most popular natural history book.

'If you read this book, as so many of us continually do, you understand well why *The Natural History of Selborne* is immortal, like the green England of which it tells the story. But if you try to analyse its spirit, its magic becomes rather elusive, simply, I think, because the book is full of all sorts of magic. White's marvellous literary skill gives an impression of simplicity; but it is the fruit of the endless pains of a genius. White inquired into nature with no other object but that of inquiry (or as he probably thought, worship). The many who now pursue the same thing with the same motive probably owe that motive to him, more than they realise. In White the nature-investigator and the nature-lover were inextricably confused; and perhaps the pursuit of

truth in natural history will continue to be successful only as long as this confusion is preserved.

'Like White, his fellow Englishmen are unemotional and scientific about their pursuit of natural history; at least they think they are. Yet the quiet village of Selborne greets thousands of pilgrims from all over the country—indeed from all over the world—who come to find White's secret. They find his village, and the zigzag walk he made up the Hanger, and the very wood—indeed the very trees—in which he did his bird-watching; and we hope now they will find his home, and books, and simple possessions, there for all to enjoy.

### CARUSO AND JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Giving reminiscences in a Light Programme talk of 'stars' he had met, AUBREY FITZGERALD recalled a visit to New York. 'The late autumn' he said, 'is the height of the grand opera season in New York. To the delight of our modest little operetta company most of the big stars were staying at our hotel, including Caruso, Scotti (the finest baritone ever) Plancon, the terrific basso profundo and Madame Nordica, then a singer almost comparable with Nellie Melba. For some reason Caruso (who had an enormous sense of humour) seemed to take a delight in going for little trips with me, his favourite being the zoo in Central

Park. Here in my extremely bad French, which used to send him into roars of laughter (and how he could roar—any time, any place) and his equally atrocious English, which I delighted in, especially when he linked arms with me saying, "Feetzs; you me do music halls turn together, yes?" and, quite oblivious of any onlookers, he would bash my bowler hat in with his umbrella. Later I used a soft hat when walking out with this comedian!

'After the first week of our stay in the city, gorgeous Kitty Gordon thought it advisable to get a little publicity and

decided to give a press luncheon party at a famous restaurant, to which many distinguished guests were invited, including your humble, who was thrown in just as a bit of make-weight. I was given strict instructions that when she asked me what I would like to drink, I was to ask for something modest and cheap, not champagne which was reserved only for the real nobs of commerce. Dutifully I behaved (as well as I could ever behave) and when Kitty with a meaning look in her eye said across the table charmingly—"Will you take champagne, Aubrey?" I took up my cue immediately and replied "No thanks, I'd prefer a glass of milk". For some reason this reply appeared to take the company by storm, as roars of laughter came from each guest intent on snatching the nearest bottle to regale me, notwithstanding protests, in glass after glass of the priceless Cordon Bleu.

'The reason for this laughter appeared to be that, unwittingly, I was taking a rise out of an old gentleman sitting opposite me who had not got a hair of any kind on his domed scalp, and who I now observed had a huge glass of milk in front of him. During this wonderful feast he amused himself by nibbling biscuits only. After lunch he joined me and remarked, "You sure got a laugh at my expense just now, Mr. FitzGerald". I protested nothing was further from my thoughts. He replied "Don't worry my boy, I'm quite used to being chaffed about my drinking habits. My name is John D. Rockefeller, and, though I am reputed to be one of the richest men in this country, you have seen today what I have to live on: but son, I would gladly exchange all my millions for your youth, your appetite, and your digestion. Interested?" "No Sir", I remarked "you have not offered me enough money!" Clapping me on the back he shouted "Say boy, that's the finest answer anyone has given me in a long life. Shake, son".'



The village of Selborne, where Gilbert White lived, seen from the Hanger



# Rival Colonial Policies in Africa

By LOUIS KRAFT

**A**LTHOUGH my allotted subject is a problem of great importance it is not the most important problem which faces Africa south of the Sahara. More important than racial relationships is the problem of food (particularly the shortage of proteins) in a sub-continent which, relatively, is poor. The multi-racial societies south of the Sahara cannot be properly discussed if this background of poverty is masked or forgotten. If it is, the ultimate significance for Africa of European control is entirely missed, since only the European can free Africa from the vicious circle of unproductivity, disease, hunger, poverty, and ignorance. Africa's mineral wealth is well known, but this relative wealth masks basic poverty. It does not offset, will never offset, the general poverty of Africa. And, reversing the generally accepted aphorism, I maintain that the indigenous peoples of what is sometimes called peninsular Africa are primitive because they are poor.

## Astride the Equator

Those starry-eyed writers who believe that Africa is the continent of the future, with limitless possibilities of development, forget, for one thing, that, unlike most other continents, Africa is astride the Equator with all the consequences of such an unhappy position; vertical rays of the sun hampering the production of humus; the breeding of many pests such as trypanosomiasis (that is, sleeping sickness for man and the deadly nagana for domestic animals), malaria, bilharzia, intestinal parasites, leprosy. Over vast areas it is impossible to keep domestic animals, with a calamitous shortage of proteins as the result. This explains, better than former internecine warfare and the slave-raids, the sparsity of population in Africa. But, when, as in the Ruanda-Urundi, which is like a little Switzerland in Equatorial Africa, you have temperate conditions permitting the breeding of cattle but not permitting the facile breeding of a number of pests, you have a great density of population. There are no fewer than 4,000,000 people on 31,000 square miles in the Ruanda-Urundi.

Then there is another handicap in most of the sub-continent, including South Africa, and that is the unusual elevation of nearly the whole area: something like an average of 2,500 feet. The disadvantages of such a configuration were brought home to me when I recently travelled by train from Karachi to Lahore. To rise only 600 feet in the course of 600 miles was to me a most unusual experience and I envied that part of Asia its slow-moving, spreading rivers, the complete lack of soil erosion (to my unscientific eyes at least), and I knew, without having to see it happening, that the rains when they came would have a chance to soak in. They would not, as in Africa, rush down the steep inclines leading, from various highlands, to the sea. The elevation of Africa makes its soil particularly vulnerable to soil erosion. It wastes much of the rainwater which, in addition, comes down in torrents instead of gently, because of tropical conditions which create electric storms more frequently than elsewhere.

The Union of South Africa is more favourably situated, being mainly in a temperate zone, a tremendous blessing and a gift from the gods, particularly to a European community; but even the Union is relatively poor, and, because she is relatively poor, no magic wand will give a tolerable standard of living this side of A.D. 2000 to the majority of its population. When I left South Africa a couple of months ago it was announced that the country's national income for the financial year had been £1,245,000,000. This works out at about £100 per head of population, and even if a change in the social order forced the Europeans in South Africa to reduce drastically their high standard of living, the average annual income per head of population would still be so low that, relatively, South Africa would be classed as a poor country.

Africa is a jig-saw puzzle: there are more than thirty different territories south of the Sahara with as many distinct administrations, but underlying those administrations are half a dozen policies: the colonial or native policies of Portugal, France, Belgium, and Britain, and, for our purposes, South Africa, can be listed alongside. Like the

other powers, South Africa (since it is governed by peoples of European stock) controls the destiny of coloured communities. The only difference is that the controlling power, instead of residing overseas, resides in the same territory as the peoples it controls: and those peoples are, as they are further north, coloured peoples at a lower stage of development. Though I do not propose to deal here with South Africa *per se*, what I have to say about tropical Africa helps to explain the inflexibility of the Union's racial policies.

If one European community—one with a single way of life, single religion, and single scale of values—had obtained the control of the whole of sub-Saharan Africa, the resultant human situation would have been complex enough, on account of the diversity of the peoples already there. But we have today, not only the hegemony or dominating influence of one European nation, but of several, with their distinct ways of life superimposed upon, and by now fused in varying degrees with, those of the non-European peoples of Africa. The result is what we commonly call the colonial or native policies of Africa.

Anyone who has visited Angola or Mozambique will have noticed that the Portuguese do not discriminate against a man because of his colour, even socially; but if one travels into the interior one quickly notices that the tribal, primitive African is treated rather sternly by the Portuguese. It is this contrast in the way the Portuguese treat the primitive African on the one hand and the evolved (or assimilated) native on the other, which puzzles observers accustomed to the British way in Africa.

It is often thought, or simply felt, that a native policy is something which is chosen, consciously chosen, by a man or a group of men sitting in a European capital; chosen in their wisdom or their wickedness. It is nothing of the kind and that is why the word 'policy' is so misleading, since it implies that what is consciously applied today could be, by a stroke of the pen, changed or reversed tomorrow. The Portuguese rule in Africa in the way they do—creating in Africa an integrated society which in time to come will fuse the whites and the black; making Portuguese citizens of their assimilated Africans and giving them the vote; and using strong-arm methods in their dealings with the tribal African—because 300 or so years ago, when they came to Africa, they projected there the culture patterns, the historical background, the constitutional set-up, the values and the beliefs, they had always known and which to them were nothing less than the right and proper scheme of things.

## The Portuguese Attitude

The Iberian Peninsula being close to Africa, its peoples, the Portuguese and Spaniards, have never felt that the communities across the Mediterranean were different in kind from themselves and, in any case, 300 years of Moorish occupation would have knocked out of them any notion that a man was inferior simply because he was black. When the Moors came to Europe their civilisation was more refined, more elaborate and evolved, than that of the autochthonous peoples, and the latter had no inclination to look down on their conquerors. So it is impossible for a Portuguese to despise a man simply because he is black and if, in Africa, he despises the majority of the black people, it is not because they are black but because they are primitive and heathen. The division is not white *versus* black but barbarian *versus* civilised. I still think that their attitude is more logical than that of the British who, in their heart of hearts, prefer the barbarian to the one who has renounced barbarism and has raised himself to the status of an English gentleman.

According to the Portuguese themselves, they are the last heirs of the Roman tradition: one according to which the barbarians did not count for much until they merited the title of Roman citizens. In Africa the barbarian happens to be black, but that is incidental. To qualify for membership of the club, the first step for him is to become a Christian (which generally means, a Roman Catholic). Then, in the eyes of the Portuguese, he is already a potential brother, a man with human dignity and with aspirations worth fostering.



However, he is still, as the Portuguese colonial charter puts it, 'in a state of social degradation', and until he shows signs of a sincere desire to emerge from that degradation he is strictly controlled and watched, and particularly taught to value what the Portuguese call 'the dignity of labour'. When the African has achieved 'spiritual assimilation'—that is, when he has learned to speak and write Portuguese, has thrown over tribal traditions and accepted the tenets of Portuguese civilisation, has one wife and not many, is capable of upholding a standard of living well above that of the tribal African, dresses and behaves like a Portuguese—he may become a Portuguese citizen. Class distinctions remain, but these apply to the European Portuguese as well as to the assimilated African.

### Preserving European Civilisation

At present there are 140,000 Africans in Angola who enjoy the status of Portuguese citizenship out of a total population of about 4,000,000. These people help the European Portuguese to maintain a European civilisation in Africa. This, particularly in South African ears, must sound like a contradiction in terms. It all depends on what you value most when you speak of European civilisation. It all depends on what your *mystique* is (to use the French word, with its rather special meaning). The Portuguese *mystique* to a large extent is like that of the French. The content of European civilisation matters most and must be preserved, and it does not really matter much whether, in the process, the peoples who continue to uphold European civilisation lose the whiteness of skin, the aquiline nose, and the relatively smooth hair of the peoples who, in the first instance, created that civilisation and brought it to Africa. The South African *mystique* which, in my opinion, is fundamentally that of the British people, too, is that the ethnic integrity of the European community upholding the torch of civilisation in Africa must be preserved. For South Africans, the emphasis is probably more on this 'image' than on the actual content of European civilisation. In other words, the Portuguese, while as anxious to preserve a European type of civilisation in Africa as the British or the South Africans, accept the genetic mixture (and so do, at least in principle, the French). The British and the South Africans do not. This, to my mind, is the great ideological divide, the fundamental difference, so often and so effectively blurred by differences of degree or method. To integrate or not to integrate? That, in Africa, is the question.

One of the important consequences of the Portuguese policy of integration, and also of the principle of political unity which is the foundation of the Portuguese state, is that self-determination for territories like Angola or Mozambique is unthinkable. These territories, though separated from the metropolis by a lot of water, are constitutionally part of Portugal. Their inhabitants are actual or potential Portuguese citizens.

To my mind the Portuguese way in Africa has some attractive features. For one thing it reconciles, better than other policies, the teaching of most Christian churches with practice. But I would betray my whole conception of what a colonial policy really is, its deep-rooted and relatively fixed character, if I suggested that it could be emulated by other powers. Whatever promises it may hold for the future, it can hold them only for the Portuguese and the natives in their dependencies. A colonial, a native, policy is definitely not an article for export, once the original transfer from Europe to Africa has been completed. It cannot be exported from Angola or Mozambique to British or Belgian territories or to South Africa: at least, not through a process of peaceful change.

### French Policy of Assimilation

French policy was until the recent war one of assimilation. In 1946 this was changed to a policy of 'association'; but I for one am not surprised to see signs that a decision of this kind made by a group of men sitting in Paris is hard to implement. It goes, so to speak, against the current. It may win in the end, since ways of life and modes of thought and values do change, though very slowly, but for the present I believe that French colonial practice is almost as assimilationist as before; and the centralised control, started by Louis XIV (and not by Napoleon) is something which the French will not easily modify. The French way in Africa (and elsewhere, wherever there are *territoires d'Outre-Mer*) is conditioned by French individualism and by the principles of the French revolution: equality and liberty (but liberty for the individual, and not for the group, as in the Commonwealth). It is

also conditioned by a clarity of vision which prevents the French from deluding themselves (like some other nations) that they are, somehow, a separate ethnic group. They recognise that they are a great melting-pot of races, and are ready to absorb more races of various hues, confident that the gravitational pull of French civilisation will remain so strong that these newcomers or their children will be, predominantly, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

French individualism does not foster in the French any solicitude for group life, whether their own or that of others; but it fosters solicitude for the individual aspirations, the human dignity of others. The Frenchman, being an intense individualist, is not a good citizen, as an Englishman is a good citizen. He is not devoted to the state (though he is intensely devoted to the soil of his country which is a different love). He puts up with the state. He believes in a way of life, a language, a culture, and is happy to extend these blessings and advantages to other individuals, irrespective of race and colour. Whatever aspirations they may have in these directions he is ready to satisfy to the full. In practice, there is little miscegenation, though in principle it is accepted. Where the French go further than any other colonial power is in placing no limit whatever to the political advancement of coloured Frenchmen, not only within the French Union, but also in metropolitan political institutions. An African has been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, a coloured man is President of the Council of the Republic, and twenty-three out of twenty-seven deputies representing black Africa in the National Assembly in Paris are Africans.

The French Union has sometimes been compared by French writers to the Commonwealth. This is wrong. The French Union is a typical product of the French mind. It started with a Constitution, which was then implemented. Centralised control remains and legislative and executive power is vested in the parliament of France. The Council of the French Union has only consultative and advisory powers. There is no provision for the resignation of a member of the club. However, responsible Frenchmen are beginning to realise that the structure of the French Union may have to be altered; that, for one thing, it should be made truly federal.

I believe that the French emphasis upon the aspirations of the individual offsets to a large extent their neglect of the separatist aspirations of groups. Had the Commonwealth been a set-up on the French model, an African like Jomo Kenyatta would probably have become long ago a member of the House of Commons for some constituency in Kikuyuland, and the satisfaction of his personal aspirations and ambitions might have made him a minor pillar of the British way of life.

### An Old English Tradition

About the British way in Africa I shall say little, since it is or should be well known in this country. To my mind, the British have projected into Africa (as elsewhere in the world) their preference for decentralisation and their readiness to invite communities under their control to take a hand in administration and, later, to run their own shows. This, I believe, is an old English tradition going back to Saxon times, a tradition so strong that even the long period of centralised control in Britain itself, following the Norman conquest, could not extinguish it. I have in mind the old parish vestries and municipal councils, training grounds for parliament, which, in Africa, took eventually the form of native authorities, local government authorities training colonial peoples to take part in elected assemblies, and so on until self-rule.

But with it all there is repugnance for the genetic mixture, probably a transfer to Africa of what Lucy Mair calls 'a tradition of racial superiority bred of two centuries in India'. This repugnance, which is often indistinguishable from the prejudices which lead to a social colour-bar, is not contradicted, in my opinion, by the British readiness to retire from the scene and to hand a territory completely over to the traditional occupant, as they are ready to do in the Gold Coast. As I see it, to withdraw is also a way of keeping apart, of avoiding lasting and intimate social contacts and of avoiding the genetic mixture.

What about the Belgians, the people of my native land? They are the apparent exception which proves the rule. They control an African dependency and their way in Africa is generally called Belgian native, or colonial, policy. But they have no policy. The Belgian approach was and remains purely empirical. They are the empiricists of western Europe, not the British. A Belgian Professor, Guy Malengreau, has this to say about the Belgian approach:



Belgians do not burden themselves with prejudices and preconceived notions. Deprived of colonial traditions and thus deprived of all experience in this field, Belgium knows no reason, sentimental, historical, or political, why she should choose one colonial system rather than another. We may sometimes erect theories upon our actions but we never try to fit facts into the framework of a preconceived system.

Unlike other powers, Belgium never sought adventures overseas and the acquisition of distant lands. The affairs of the Belgian Congo were, in fact, under the control of one man, King Leopold II, and it was the maladministration of the territory which forced the Belgian nation to take over the responsibility. In this way Belgium became a colonial power. This was nearly fifty years ago, too short a time for a colonial policy to crystallise. When the Belgians took stock of the position after 1908, they found in the Congo communities at a much lower level of development than their own peasant classes and, since there are finely divided class distinctions in Belgium, they kept the primitive peoples of the Congo at arm's length. The result was residential segregation and a social colour-bar, though not an economic one. But a few years ago they took stock of changed conditions and finding that a few thousand Africans had reached a level of development not very different from some of the *petit bourgeois* of the metropolis—peoples living in the European way, having some education, monogamous, Christians, and earning fair salaries and speaking French—they enacted a law granting those who could pass the scrutiny of special provincial commissions all the rights of the Belgians in the Congo. This law, enacted two years ago, is called the Immatriculation Law. Some people outside Belgium and the Congo cried out that the Belgians had reversed their native policy. They had not, since they had never had a native policy.

I said earlier something about the poverty of Africa, the poverty of its soil and of the communities living on it, and I expressed the belief that some of the causes of this poverty would remain. Others can be partially removed, but it will take a great deal of science,

competence, and money. I am the last person to discount the intellectual and organisational potentialities of Africans, but I do believe that, despite their sins of omission and commission, only the Europeans can save Africa from her immediate predicaments. The majority of Africans are primitive because they are poor, and they are poor because their habitat is far from being the best the earth has to offer *Homo sapiens*. Although the dominant-dependent relationship which exists always all over Africa between Europeans and Africans is repugnant to me, I hope Europeans will remain in control long enough to make Africa more productive than it is, less unhealthy, and, generally, endowed with more skills.

And if, as I believe, colonial policies are but a projection into Africa of the ways of life, values, outlooks, and habits of the European peoples concerned, it is futile to expect such policies to be reversed, or fundamentally altered, or unified. One policy may appear more desirable and more promising than others, but, in my view, to try to push that policy down the throats of other colonial powers is to underestimate the inflexibility of ways of life; and to try to impose it is to stir forces which might well, in the last resort, be detrimental to the very peoples one tries, in a misguided way, to help: the Africans themselves. As long as the Africans are poor they will be relatively primitive and if they are left to themselves too soon, they will remain poor for ever.

I have admitted that one colonial policy might be more promising than others. What, then, might be the ultimate test of the excellence of such a policy? My answer is that the territory or state in Africa which will breed a vigorous, original civilisation, with examples among its peoples of genius in the arts, science, philosophy, and also in the art of life, will produce a few Nobel Prize winners, and will raise the average economic level higher than any other African territory: that territory or state will be the one with, in the days of its youth, the best colonial policy.—*Third Programme*

## The Fastest Train on Earth

By CECIL J. ALLEN

ONE hundred and fifty-one miles an hour! This was the sensational speed attained by a French train on February 21 last, and it has focused attention on the rapid development of railway speed during the past twenty years.

Not until the middle nineteen-thirties did rail speeds of 100 miles an hour become a practical proposition. In September 1935 the British 'Silver Jubilee' streamliner of the London and North Eastern Railway attained 112½ miles an hour; July 1938 saw the L.N.E.R. streamlined engine 'Mallard' reel off five miles at 120, with a maximum of 126 miles an hour, which still remains the highest authenticated speed with steam. Meantime a German railcar propelled by a petrol engine driving an airscrew had run up to 143 miles an hour, but this was a freak vehicle, and nothing more was heard of it. Until recently the record generally quoted as the maximum on rails was made in June 1939, by a three-car German diesel-electric unit; this was 133½ miles an hour. A month later the Italians made a remarkable run from Florence to

Milan with a three-car electric *rapido* at a start-to-stop average of 102 miles an hour and with a top speed of 126—the highest record until 1954 for straight electric traction.

Now, all these past records have been put completely in the shade by the startling achievement of the French National Railways. Perhaps its

most outstanding feature has been that no specially designed or prepared locomotive was used in the test; No. CC-7121 is one of a standard class of sixty electric locomotives in regular service between Paris, Dijon and Lyons. It had entered service four months previously and had travelled all but 50,000 miles in the interim. The prefix 'CC' to the engine number indicates that this electric unit is carried on two six-wheel bogies with all six axles motor-driven. It is rated at 4,800 horse-power, and weighs 105 tons; current is taken from overhead conductors at 1,500 volts D.C. As the locomotives of this class are designed to operate, at normal current consumption, at up to 100 miles an hour with a train load of 700 tons, it might be expected



CC-7121, the French train which last February broke the world's speed record



that at full power output with no more than three coaches of 109 tons something exciting would happen. It most certainly did! The speed attained might have been even higher but for the fact that neither locomotive nor coaches were streamlined; probably the flat front of the locomotive added some 300 horse-power to the total needed to overcome atmospheric resistance at the highest speeds.

The tests were on five consecutive days, from February 17 onwards. They were over the Paris-Lyons main line between Dijon and Beaune, where the track is level and nearly straight; the only two very slight curves each have a radius of about three miles. The railway authorities left nothing to chance. On each of the test days all other traffic between Dijon and Beaune was halted, half an hour before the test was due to begin. All wagons in sidings adjacent to the main line were securely braked, to make sure that the slipstream from the flying train should not set them in motion. Only railway officials were allowed on the wayside stations. A regular driver from Dijon locomotive depot was at the locomotive controls on each test.

The first trip was in the nature of a trial heat. Five miles from the start at Dijon 112 miles an hour was reached, and nothing higher was attempted that day. On the second day the speed at the same point had been pushed up to just over 120 miles an hour. Next day the acceleration out of Dijon was still more rapid, and continued until, nine miles after starting, 143 miles an hour had been attained. On the fourth day the maximum was increased very slightly to 145 miles an hour, eight miles from the start, and shortly afterwards a brake test was made, to see how quickly the train could be pulled up from this tremendous speed.

### Record Day

Then came the day of the record of records, February 21. The immediate exit from Dijon station has to be made with caution because of curved track and junctions; so the first 1.7 kilometres—just over a mile—took 1 minute 53 seconds. But now began a lightning acceleration, with successive kilometres covered in 31, 22, and 19.7 seconds, whereby in no more than three miles from the start the speed swept up to 115 miles an hour. The acceleration continued steadily until, on almost level track, between the stations of Chambertin and Vougeot, five successive kilometres were covered in a fraction under 76 seconds, at an average of 147½, and with an absolute maximum of 151 miles an hour. By this amazing performance, every world railway speed record had been smashed. Amusing to relate, a newspaper photographer who had chartered a light aeroplane in order to secure a series of shots of the flying train found himself left well behind.

Current was being taken from the overhead conductors at 1,620 volts, 3,000 amperes—that is, at 4,860 kilowatts. The traction motors, given a close examination after each run, behaved perfectly. Very careful observations were made, with the help of suitable instruments, on the lateral thrust exerted by the locomotive wheels on the track, and these were found to be well within the safe limit laid down by the permanent way authorities. The coach oscillations, studied with equal care, were no greater than those experienced at normal 90-mile-an-hour speeds over this line; indeed, all those who travelled in the train were loud in their praises of its steady riding at the highest speeds.

The day after the French record was made, I heard suggestions, from more than one quarter, that we could attain a still higher speed here, as though the achievement had been nothing very much out of the ordinary. Such a claim may be comforting to our national pride, but as yet it has no technical justification behind it. For one reason, this country does not possess a single motive power unit, be it steam, straight electric, diesel-electric, or gas-turbine-electric, that is capable of putting out 4,800 horse-power. The greatest output ever recorded with a British steam locomotive was a little over 3,300 with an L.M.S. 'Duchess' Pacific; and the highest speed ever clocked with a British engine, 'Mallard's' 126 miles an hour on the L.N.E.R., was when the engine was being driven all out down a falling gradient of 1 in 200.

By comparison, the French record was made partly on the level and partly on a very slightly falling gradient, after an acceleration of a kind never even remotely approached in Great Britain. We may have the greatest admiration for our railways, but not even a locomotive that is British-built can achieve miracles. Then why not take off our hats to the French, and give them due credit for the notable advance in locomotive design which has made their record possible?

What is the use of such a record? What is the use of any record, whether it be achieved with a motor-car straight off the production

line, or a specially-designed racing car, or a jet 'plane, or anything else that moves itself under its own power? The point is that all new speed records reflect credit on the designers and builders of the machines that have been under trial; every such record shows that there has been some fresh advance in the technique of design since the last previous record was made.

After the speed trials I read a sensible comment in a French newspaper. Of equal importance with the feat of covering a kilometre in less than 15 seconds, the commentator said, was the fact that these capable locomotives are averaging, with trains of every description, a kilometre every 52 seconds, day in and day out, in achieving their monthly journeys of 50,000 kilometres apiece. But, the comment added, these trials had shown that the normal speed limit of 87 miles an hour over this route had been unnecessarily severe, and that there might now be a relaxation at least to 100 miles an hour with perfect safety.

This brings me to the more practical point as to whether the public want high railway speeds. The answer is that those to whom time means money—business men, for example—most certainly do. This is why the Western Region of British Railways lately restored the 'Bristolian' to its pre-war time of 1½ hours in each direction between Paddington and Bristol—a schedule that demands continuous 80-miles-an-hour travelling over a considerable distance. Very fast early morning services are now running from King's Cross to Leeds, Bradford, and Newcastle, and from Euston to Manchester and Liverpool, primarily for business travellers, and the two-hour London and Birmingham services from both Euston and Paddington have reappeared. Moreover, pre-war British streamline trains, such as the 'Silver Jubilee' between King's Cross and Newcastle, showed that the public is even prepared to pay supplementary fares for exceptional speed, provided that it is combined with comfort, and, above all, with punctuality.

This matter of timekeeping is one in which the French excel, despite their high speeds, and in which, alas, they leave our own country well behind. On February 11, for example, the Sud Express, one of the fastest trains in France, was 55 minutes late out of the frontier station of Hendaye, owing to late arrival of the Spanish connection, but picked up 41 minutes to Paris by covering the entire 507 miles at 70 miles an hour. French engine-crews are given the incentive of a bonus for lost time recovery, under all necessary safeguards, such as the self-recording speed indicators on their locomotives which at the end of every run show on their tapes the precise speeds throughout the journey, and are a deterrent to any reckless running. Any relaxation of the maximum speed limit, therefore, would give increased capacity for making up lost time, and help to ensure the strict punctuality on which the French railway management places such insistence.

### Strictly Punctual Operation

On the electrified main line from Paris to Lyons it is not merely the 77-miles-an-hour 'Mistral' that makes daily high-speed runs; all the express trains over this route, including the closely spaced night sleeping car trains of up to 800 tons weight, are timed at over a mile a minute between stops. The effect of this speed-up has been to cut to little more than half the number of motive power units needed to maintain the train service between Paris, Dijon, and Lyons, as compared with the days of steam. Strictly punctual operation plays an essential part in this intensive utilisation.

Many regular travellers would confirm that punctuality on British railways was never at a higher level than during the years immediately before the war. With the help of such propaganda as the L.M.S. 'On Time' campaign, there was a will on the part of all concerned to keep time, notwithstanding the fact that we were running the fastest trains in British history, including streamline flyers which had to travel long distances at 90 miles an hour in order to keep time. But perhaps 'notwithstanding' is not the correct word. Experience shows that the faster the schedules, provided they are not unreasonably tight, so much the more are the staff on their toes to see that they are kept.

Today the speed limits over considerable lengths of our main lines once again have been restored to 85 and 90 miles an hour; freight traffic has certainly increased and with it the difficulty of finding paths for very fast trains, but what we have done in the past surely is not impossible in the future. French railway practice today shows that high speed is of advantage to the railways as well as to their users; and the French speed records of February last have demonstrated that even at 151 miles an hour the safe limit of speed on rails has not yet been reached.—Home Service



# Aspects of the New Asia—II

IAN STEPHENS on Ceylon

**C**EYLON, to an economist, or anyway to a balance-of-payments expert, means in the first instance tea. And tea, to a Ceylonese patriot, probably first means non-Ceylonese labour, immigrant labour from the big country just across the water, labour from India; and that, in turn, to him, means a pressing host of as yet unsolved political, and cultural, and racial problems—fascinating problems, to a newcomer such as myself.



Tea is 'the mainstay of Ceylon's prosperity': a Tamil worker on one of the island's plantations. Right: young Buddhist monks outside their monastery

Ceylon may also mean a great many other fascinating things, according to your point of view. For example, it could well mean archaeology: the ruins of a once-great civilisation in the now under-populated northern part of the island, ruins equalling in magnificence those of Egypt or Cambodia. Or it could mean Buddhism: the purest, ancient form of what is termed Theravada or Hinayana Buddhism—palm-leaf manuscripts, and the austerities of gentle, yellow-robed monks in obscure jungle sanctuaries; or Buddhism as more spectacularly seen at the big festivals in Kandy, in sumptuous temple ceremonial, and superbly-decorated dancers; or revivalist, proselytising Buddhism, linked—rather oddly, perhaps—with contemporary nationalist polemics and linguistic reform. Or, again, it could mean material, technological things, such as the engineer, the social planner, and the welfare-worker revel in: hydro-electric projects, for instance; land reclamation, malaria-control, the much praised Rural Development Movement; or the Commonwealth's Colombo Plan, and the United Nations' Point-Four Programme. Or, yet again, it could mean—and mean, in extraordinary abundance—the simpler, un-headachy pleasures of the tourist: moonstones and star-sapphires to buy, or at least to finger; spicy curries to enjoy, and glorious sea-bathing; wild-life reservations in the south, flowery perfumes caressingly wafted on every moisture-laden breeze; garish tropical sunsets watched from Adam's Peak, or along the island's curving, palm-fringed shores.

Nevertheless, tea is the predominant impression that I bring back from visiting the island: not so much the tea-landscape, though that is memorable and distinctive, a landscape of steep-

sided, small hills, at an average height of about 4,500 feet, all monotonously, greenly draped with orderly rows of little tea-bushes; but tea as the mainstay—disproportionately the mainstay—of the island's prosperity, tea as much its most important export, as a means of paying for vital imports of rice and clothing, as a major source of governmental revenue, as something absolutely essential to the country's present form of economic existence; and tea also—this is more curious, for anyone keen on sampling the novel problems of contemporary Asia, the Asia liberated from European overlordship during the later nineteen-forties—tea in its political, cultural, and racial implications, which, as you will have gathered, I found particularly engaging.

Ceylon is small, but I had not realised, before my visit, quite how small. It is much smaller than Britain, smaller even than Ireland; with a population of, say, 8,000,000. Yet it is geographically set up against this huge, subcontinental bulk of India, a country of 350,000,000 or so inhabitants, a country almost analagous in area to Europe, and there is only a narrow, swimmable strip of water separating the two. But, despite the difference in size, Ceylon ranks second only to India among the world's several tea-producing countries. On India's export list, tea is just one among many items. Not so on Ceylon's. There, it is not only the biggest item; in an average year, it is worth more than all the island's other domestic exports put together—those being mainly rubber, coconut products, and graphite.

Such predominance of a single commodity has not escaped the tax-gatherer's questing eye. Tea, in fact, is a financial prop on which the Government leans heavily—too heavily, some critics say. Without it, the new Ceylon would be unable to pay for its attractive but lavish nation-building projects: the astonishing multiplication of schools, for example—you seem to find meek little strings of school-children, with their exercise-books, plodding along every road in the island, and what jobs they will all eventually get I cannot imagine—or the beautiful new University at Peradeniya, the hospitals, the dams and electricity undertakings, the peasant resettlement projects, or 'colonisation', as they are



Photographs: Ian Stephens



called, in the jungly east and the malarial, depopulated north; and so forth.

Tea's outstanding importance to Ceylon can be verified from another angle—the geographer's or historian's. If you study the island's communications system, its roads and railways, its ports, or its capital, and if you then consider the position of the tea-growing areas in the uplands above Kandy, and of the adjacent coconut and rubber-growing areas lower down, you will see, for it is unmistakable, that the former must have been built up largely to serve the latter's needs. Colombo, for example, the capital, as a town, is a giant among pygmies. Its population, including that of the suburbs, comes to almost 500,000. But in its existing shape it is of nineteenth-century origin, essentially a creation—as city, and port, and administrative hub—of the recently ended British regime; a place which owed its rapid growth, and its triumph as trading centre over rivals such as Galle, further south, to the good luck of being on the piece of coast nearest to the then rapidly-growing plantation areas, and to having access to them over the two easiest routes.

Similarly with the road network: the rectangle stretching due east from the sea to the tea estates, plus the narrower rectangle stretching south along the coastal, coconut-growing strip, contain more and better roads than any other part of the island: roads, too, which, in the hilly parts, cost a good deal to maintain. Again, the railway which laboriously wriggles up from Colombo to Nuwara Eliya, the apex of the tea-growing area, is still the island's main line; though, to a casual glance, the lines running from Colombo to Jaffna or Trincomalee might well seem more important.

So much for the bare facts. Now let us look into some of tea's—as I thought—enchanting political, cultural, and racial implications. . . . And here, I would like to mention something in parenthesis. It is still possible, in Ceylon, to approach such problems almost as a specimen-hunting connoisseur would do, easily, and with pleasure, in a way which would be altogether out of place in India or Pakistan—if you are fond of Indians and Pakistanis. For Ceylon, by comparison, is a tolerant, easy-going country. Racial and cultural puzzles are, of course, in a sense grave always; and it is imaginable that they may eventually blow up in Ceylon, causing slaughter and loss. But they have not done so yet; and, consequently, there is no appalling, tangled residue, as in India and Pakistan, of actual and remembered recent strife, of suffering, hatred, and suspicion. Except for what was called 'the hartal', last August—a mainly communist-exploited to-do, which indeed did upset the Buddhist conscience of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Dudley Senanayake very much, but which involved negligible casualties by Indo-Pakistani standards—Ceylon has not had anything describable as a riot for thirty-eight years.

About race, in connection with tea: you could say, and you would have fair historical justification for saying—though you would risk vexing the extremest sort of Ceylonese nationalist by doing so—that, fundamentally, tea-planting, tea-manufacture, and tea-export, so vital for Ceylon's prosperity, are not Ceylonese activities at all. They have been built up by foreigners; were conceived and developed by the British, and are still to a large extent British-owned and British-managed; and they are worked by Indians, immigrant labourers from the big country just across the water, great numbers of them.

Exceptions could be made to this generalisation. Some Ceylonese do own tea estates, in the larger sense of that term, as do some Indians, the acquisitions mainly having been made during the last decade; moreover, numerous Ceylonese own smallholdings on which tea is grown; and a not negligible proportion of the tea-garden labourers are, nowadays, Ceylonese. But, broadly speaking, the generalisation holds; tea, in Ceylon, though far more vital economically than any other product, is

predominantly a British-built, British-owned, British-managed, and Indian-worked undertaking, with which the natives of the soil have surprisingly little to do.

That is where these interesting racial and cultural perplexities come in. For, if you were a member of a little nation, which had only recently got self-government, and were perhaps rather touchily self-conscious of your country's fresh status, and even, in your heart, a little doubtful, at moments, whether that status could last, you would feel irritated, to say the least, and perhaps humiliated or frightened as well, to be faced by the fact—a fact of history, for which your people were not directly responsible—that foreigners still dominate your chief industry; that they own and manage the best tea estates, and also constitute most of the wage-earners; foreigners, moreover, of two sharply contrasting sorts, towards whom, under the new conditions, you find your own emotions in a disconcerting state, liable to strange oscillations and inconsistencies.

On the one hand, as a Ceylonese nationalist, you would see British planters and business men, non-Asian, and therefore relatively very foreign, who keep as a rule socially rather aloof; and perhaps some of them, anyway to your eyes, still carry a dim, but nevertheless exasperating, halo of imperial grandeur. Certainly they are associated, in memory, with a regime which, on occasion, riled you. But, at the same time, they are so few as to be no embarrassment at all to modern Ceylon numerically; they are in general useful at their jobs, particularly the tea-estate managers, on whose skill a good deal of your Government's income depends; they might be a support, in times of trouble; and they represent, it is plain to see, a system which, though not exactly finished, is administratively extinct, in that it obviously has no wish whatever to re-acquire ruling ascendancy. Its days of dominance are done.

What a contrast when, as a Ceylonese patriot, you look at the people of Indian stock in your island; not a few, not a mere 5,000 or so, but 900,000 of them, mainly Tamil tea-garden workers. And the other Tamils, called Jaffna Tamils, full citizens of Ceylon indeed, established in Ceylon for centuries, but Indian in origin, and nowadays showing

greater consciousness of it; another 900,000 or so of those! All fellow-Asians with you, 1,800,000 of them, twenty-three per cent. of your total population; brown, like you; racially much closer to you, therefore, than the British are. Politically in a way akin, too, because India—the tea-garden coolies' country, as you often rather disparagingly think of it, but also the brilliant Pandit Nehru's country, the country of great religious teachers, and merchants, and aristocrats—recently got rid, like yours, of irksome British supremacy, and, to tell the truth, put a good deal more vigour and skill into it than Ceylon did.

That should make for a warm fellow-feeling, as well as for admiration; and sometimes it does. Your mind, like minds elsewhere in modern, liberated Asia, will be swept periodically—perhaps as a result of a news-item which you have read, about some overseas episode involving racial discrimination—will be swept with gusts of generalised pan-Asian sentiment, anti-western sentiment. Culturally and linguistically the Indians may rank more or less as your kinfolk too; less so than many non-Ceylonese assume, nevertheless akin in rather the same way as, say, Spaniards and Italians are in Europe, or perhaps we should say Hungarians and Turks.

For in other respects, the Indians and Ceylonese are markedly un-akin; in religion, for instance. As a Ceylonese, if you are not a Buddhist, as most Ceylonese other than the Jaffna Tamils are, you will probably be a Christian of one of the several denominations, or if not, a Moslem, one of the Ceylonese Moors. True, you will not feel Hinduism to be wholly foreign; for Buddhism, centuries ago, was an offshoot from it; but it will be about as foreign as Judaism is to a Christian. And you will



Kandyan temple-dancer, 'superbly decorated'



feel the Indians to be historically un-akin, too—remembering indeed, that there were connections 2,500 years or so ago; that your forebears perhaps, as well as your faith, originated somewhere in the plains of Bihar, in northern India—but you will be very conscious of the separate quality of your own centuries-old civilisation, as typified in the ruins of great cities, and Buddhist temples, and monasteries, scattered about your own northern plains: cities whose downfall was, in part at least, caused by non-Buddhist invaders from across the water, from India, Tamil invaders.

Even more, you would probably be conscious of an economic difference, of a wide contrast in comparative standards of living, and of public health; of the fact that, in this respect, Ceylon is nowadays greatly India's superior; that her higher living standards explain the determination of the 700,000 tea-garden workers to stay, despite the fact that their affections so obviously still lie with India, that they arrange marriages there, and remit cash there; and that the high Ceylonese standards explain, too, the continuous, embarrassing, illegal influx of further Indians, in search of better livelihood. And, above everything, you would be aware of differing from the Indians—and here you would not feel superior at all, but scared and inferior—in the respective sizes and population strengths of your two nations. India, in fact, now that British supremacy between Aden and Penang has vanished, necessarily somewhat frightens all her small neighbours by her mere size; but, in the case of Ceylon, much the smallest, and the one with the biggest community of resident Indians—a community that is being continually augmented—the disparity appears extreme.

Nor, indeed, is size the only thing about the new independent India that disquiets her neighbours. Doubts are felt about her policy. Is she an expansionist country, expansionist by intention? Not necessarily bent on expansion by military means—though it is not overlooked that she keeps big armed forces for a professedly pacifist country, and in con-

sequence is outstandingly the strongest military power in south Asia. But expansionist in intention more, perhaps, by ideological or cultural means; by efforts, for instance, to impose her brand of neutralism upon adjacent Asian countries—Pakistan and Ceylon reacted noticeably against this at the recent Colombo Conference, last April—and expansionist, too, by interesting herself actively in Indian communities overseas, by commercial penetration, and, in Ceylon's case, by unauthorised fresh influx of would-be-settlers.

Since 1947, all round the Indian Ocean, from East Africa to New Guinea, the new India's long-term role in international affairs has been a matter for speculation—as is natural, for nations may be motivated, despite themselves, by environment. Their rulers, as we know, may find themselves sucked, by geographical compulsion, into courses which merely extend plans that were once shaped by politically different predecessors. Revolutions are not always overthrowers of foreign policy. Stalin's foreign policy was, in large part, a logical extension—and a highly successful one—of that of the Tsars. China's new communist rulers are behaving much as several former imperial dynasties might have done, when first firmly in the saddle.

The present leaders in Delhi, therefore, whatever their wishes or intellectual past, may likewise, so it is argued, be led by environmental factors into conduct resembling, fundamentally, that of the Moghuls or the British in their annexationist phases. Pakistan, because of the appalling circumstances of Partition, has, throughout her independent career, feared eventual Indian efforts to re-unite the subcontinent forcibly. By contrast, Ceylon's relations with India have been altogether unblood-stained; the two countries are in many ways good neighbours. Nevertheless, the problems created for the smaller country by the big and unassimilable Indian community on her soil—problems based on the tea industry's unique importance, and its fascinatingly peculiar racial history—sometimes seem so baffling that she fears for her independence, too.—*Third Programme*

## Toro

Black, black, the sheen of his back and shoulders  
Blazing, his brawn and wide forehead plunging  
On, on into wrath, hooves detonating the dust  
Under his rushing darkness, the green and white  
Streamers fixed in the hump of his anger rattling  
And snapping behind like slaver from a mad mouth, and  
The high-shaken lances of his tossing horns seeking  
Bodies for shock, his wrath like a ghost seeking  
Bodies to sink in, to house in, destruction to be wrought,  
Out of the starving dark, daring headlong  
The one-way doors of day, he hurls himself now  
Into the orange light, and lunging down  
Like judgement erupting or a dark planet he crashes  
Across the spread glare and becomes the raging centre  
Of these flickering faces ranged in rings, who thirst  
For his darkness, who stare like blains  
In the sun-blaze. They thought it was they  
Who for their thirst's sake, and that their black fear might be  
Loosed and defeated in the familiar light, conceived  
A darkness and set him there. But all black  
Is the abyss brooding, and he brings into the day  
The one dark, that was there before the world was. Low  
In his own shadow deep as a mountain he waited  
Till they said, 'Now we are all together  
And seem brave in the light, let the challenging shadow  
Show itself among us; now, that we may shame it,  
Let there be dark'. And he heard the first day  
Of Creation banging on the barrier, and, ravenous,  
His red eyes saw the light. And, look: he became  
The black sun and burst among them, and the sun has horns  
As the moon has, whereby all dawns shall be bloody

And all wests ripped with crimson! Bull. And legs,  
Spoke-flashing of knees, even thunder of hooves seem as nothing  
To pillar and propel that bulk and fury. His belly gulping  
For breath sucks up and drops like a blast-shaken  
Floor; between his flanks censer and tassel  
Of generation swing and lurch, and nothing in the profound world  
Blares deep as now his maddened bellow. What torment is it  
That baits him, that wrings forth this roar: for the men  
Performing with bright darts are toys merely,  
Masquers playing with emblems, signifying far off  
The one faceless pain, momentary puppets  
Of the infliction he tolls. The blood and burning  
In his eyes are not blindness, but bring the world's rage  
To be seen red as it is. And oh do not suppose  
Because a thin blade may empty him suddenly  
Of fury, and his black become the colour of quiet,  
That it means that the known earth is broad world enough  
To be his battling-ground. His death, though dedicated,  
May end much, but will fulfil nothing; will be adequate  
Neither to sate the size and lust of his fury  
Nor to gather and bless with acceptable sacrifice  
Those faces so small, so faint and far that still  
They sit and sway in a world where such things  
As danger are. But he, for all fear's reasons  
Worshipful, slumps back into fear's secret  
And abyss, more terrible, for his rage disdains now  
All that they know of pain, and looks like infinite  
Gentleness, waiting, forever patient,  
Black, with long horns. What trouble is it  
That baits them now, since the shape they made of their fear  
Is dead? The light is different. And they are alone.

W. S. MERWIN



## The Hydrogen Bomb—VI

## The Dilemma of the Scientist

By J. BRONOWSKI

**N**EARLY nine years ago, on a warm autumn evening in 1945, I was driving over the mountains of southern Japan to the city of Nagasaki. I thought I was still in open country when all at once I realised that I was already crossing what had been the city. The shadows which flickered past me in the dusk were not rocks and trees: they were crushed buildings, the bare and skewed ribs of factories, and two crumpled gasometers.

The scale of the damage at Nagasaki drained the blood from my heart then, and does so now when I speak of it. For three miles my road lay through a desert which man had made in a second. Now, nine years later, the hydrogen bomb is ready to dwarf this scale, and to turn each mile of destruction into ten miles. And citizens and scientists stare at one another and ask 'How did we blunder into this nightmare?'

## Germany's 'Secret Weapon'

I put this first as a question of history, because the history of this is known to few people. The fission of uranium was discovered by two German scientists a year before the war. Within a few months, it was reported that Germany had forbidden the export of uranium from the mines of Czechoslovakia which she had just annexed. Scientists on the Continent, in England and America, asked themselves whether the secret weapon on which the Germans were said to be working was an atomic bomb. If the fission of uranium could be used explosively (and this already seemed possible in 1939) it might in theory make an explosion a million times larger than hitherto. The monopoly of such an atomic bomb would give Hitler instant victory, and make him master of Europe and the world. The scientists knew the scale of what they feared very well: they feared first desolation and then slavery. With heavy hearts, they told Albert Einstein what they knew of atomic fission. Einstein had been a pacifist all his life, and he did not easily put his conscience on one side. But it seemed clear to him that no scientist was free to keep this knowledge to himself. He felt that no one could decide whether a nation should or should not use atomic bombs, except the nation itself; the choice must be offered to the nation, and made by those whom the nation has elected to act for it. On August 2, 1939, a month before Hitler invaded Poland, Einstein wrote to President Roosevelt to tell him that he thought an atomic bomb might be made, and he feared that the Germans were trying to make one.

This is how it came about that, later in the war, scientists worked together in England, in Canada and America, to make the atomic bomb. They hated war no less than the layman does—no less than the soldier does; they, too, had wrestled with their consciences; and they had decided that their duty was to let the nation use their skill, just as it uses the skill of the soldier or the expert in camouflage. The atomic scientists believed that they were in a race against Germany whose outcome might decide the war even in its last weeks. We know now that the race was almost a walk-over. The Germans were indeed trying to make an atomic explosion, and they thought that they were ahead of the allies. But by our standards, what they had done was pitiful; they had not made a pile that worked, and they believed that the fast chain-reaction of an atomic bomb was impossible. The Nazis had made fundamental science a poor relation, and put it under second-rate party men with splendid titles. And, more deeply, the Nazis had sapped the pith and power of research, the quizzical eye and the questioning mind, the urge to find the facts for oneself. There were not enough unconventional ideas in the German atomic projects, and when the younger men did put up some, their leaders always knew better.

In short, the Germans failed; it was the allies who tested the first atomic bomb in July of 1945. By this time Germany was defeated and Hitler was dead. The atomic scientists who had made the bomb in America were therefore shocked and distressed to hear that it was still intended to use it, against the Japanese. They wrote a round robin to President Truman in which they pleaded against this decision. This is not simply a bigger bomb, they said: it changes the very scale of

war and of all power; and it should be demonstrated to the world, not on men and women, but in some desert place. However, the protest of the scientists was ignored; and Hiroshima and Nagasaki were made desert places.

There were, I know, scientists who hoped after this that the atomic bomb would make war unthinkable. There are scientists today, and soldiers and statesmen too, who hope that the hydrogen bomb will bring the nations to their senses. I am afraid that they are mistaken. Wars are neither made nor unmade by weapons; it is the other way about, the weapons grow out of the wars. And by the same token, if there is war, then the weapons are used; alas, I have no faith in making the desperate business of war sporting by forbidding the more unpleasant forms of slaughter. The Lateran Council outlawed the cross-bow in 1139 because it was inhuman, and poets and scientists foresaw the danger of the flying balloon in 1784; but war has not become more kindly for their good sense. The evil root is war itself.

I am, therefore, out of sympathy with the cry that the scientist ought not to discover formidable sources of power, or at least should not disclose them to his frail and destructive fellow-men. As a piece of advice, this is impractical, and as a policy it is a makeshift. It is in fact humbug—a pious wish that someone else should make the world a better place for us. Under any democratic system of government the responsibility for the world is yours and mine, and we do not change the world by what we wish but by how we act. If we do not want the nations to make hydrogen bombs or plan war, then it is our business to say so to those whom we elect to act for us; and to say it until they listen. And it is not enough to appeal to one side, as the 'Peace Campaigns' do which try to put pressure on every government except the Soviet Government. In fact I believe that not even a totalitarian government, despite its stony face, is immune to public opinion, to the voice in the crowd, to the arguments among friends. But there is a limit to the effectiveness of public pressure in totalitarian countries, and we must recognise this when we ask what any democratic society ought to do. Yet we cannot evade the choice which the community must make, between a bomb or no bomb, between planning for war or peace, by asking the scientists to hide the choice from us. The community of voters decides that there shall be research for war, and employs the scientist to do it. Having given him that hangman's job, it must not ask him to be judge as well, to decide single-handed what is or is not good for the community to know. The scientist in this work is the servant of the nation, and he must not dictate to it, even about his own discoveries. If he does so, he betrays his trust, just as much as Dr. Klaus Fuchs did when he decided that he knew best who should share the secrets of the atomic bomb.

## The Disaster of State Intolerance

Then what should the scientist do who abhors the miserable misuse of science to conspire death, and who wishes that he had never had a hand in computing an aiming error? I can only speak for the scientist in a free society. The scientist in a totalitarian system faces perhaps the same crisis of conscience, but if his government allows him no alternative, he may indeed—who knows—act out his dissent in the sabotage of which he is often accused in public trials behind the Iron Curtain. The disaster of state intolerance, anywhere in the world, is that it saps both sides of the moral contract, the individual's as well as the state's. But the scientist in society has no right to dictate to society; and—this is the heart of the matter—in return society must not dictate his life to him. He must be free to follow his conscience, as any citizen should be free, in peace or in war. Like every man and woman, the scientist has a duty to himself, which demands that his work shall not only be useful, but shall conform to his sense of human fulfilment and dignity. If this prompts him to reject research for war, or atomic physics, or science itself, he must be free and able to find other work.

Above all, the dissenting scientist must be free to give his reasons and to speak his mind. This is his true responsibility in the blundering, warring world: not to impose his will on his fellows, but to help them



to find their own wills. We live in a time when science penetrates every public issue, from a city plan to the fall in the death-rate, from a fuel crisis to cigarette smoking or margarine. If the voter leaves these issues to the specialists, democracy will sink to what it became in Athens, when a minority of educated men governed 300,000 slaves. The faith of our democracy is that at bottom every man has the ability to form a judgement on every issue; and therefore the life of democracy hangs by his willingness to educate his judgement. For example, voters here have learnt a great deal of economics and of history; but in science, they and the men they elect are steeped in prejudice. I believe that nations can choose wisely, and democracy can prove its power, if scientists are willing to become teachers to them. The chemist, the biologist, the mathematician can speak at first hand of the roots and the range of modern discoveries, their possible results for good or ill, the choice they offer and the meaning they give to our lives. And, more profoundly, from the statistician to the secret physicist, each scientist has a method to teach, by which the voter will measure promise against achievement, and ask if the world has any business to fall so far short of what it might be.

Today the man who has worked on the issues of life and death, a

guided missile or the hydrogen bomb, is seldom free to speak as he would like. I think his silence, in which secrecy and tact combine, is a loss to the community. And if in time he comes to find silence natural, the habit will dry up science itself, so that at last it fails its own nation. There is no conforming or totalitarian science. The dropping of the agricultural policies of Professor Lysenko, is evidence of this as much as the poverty of German atomic research during the war. You cannot make a discovery to any pattern but its own, which in the end is the personality of the men who make it. And if you want good science, if you want minds from whom everyone has something to learn, then you must put up with men as awkward and heretical as Newton was. The dilemma of militarism in science is not confined to a few men who have their livings to make, or whom a board of loyalty clears but sacks. Like every moral problem, it challenges the future of the nations in a most practical way. Can we have secrecy and an educated democracy as well? Can we have a state-guarded science in which there will still be dissent? And if we give up dissent, how long before science becomes a hocus-pocus like alchemy, which has nothing to contribute either to war or to peace?

—European Service

## Helicopters for Civil Aviation

By IVOR JONES, B.B.C. air correspondent

A HEIGHTENED wave of interest in helicopters was given new impetus when British European Airways recently launched their first passenger service using a helicopter designed and built in this country. This is now running between London's two airports and Southampton, and its purpose is to save passengers off the big ocean liners from having to go into the centre of London and out again before they can catch aeroplanes, say, to Scotland or the Continent. Indeed, it can save them about two hours. In the past, in the ordinary way, they would have had to make an hour and a half's train journey from Southampton to London, and then spend more than an hour on the long bus journey out to the airports, and the various formalities there. By helicopter, it is now possible to go direct from port to airport in forty minutes. The machine being used is a Bristol 171—a four-seater: and the flight is a smooth and comfortable one, if my experience during a trial run is anything to judge by.

The start of this new service had the effect of reminding people of one of the shortcomings of present-day air travel. And that is the frustration and inconvenience that is bound to be felt now and then, as long as flying is only possible from huge and costly aerodromes that—from their very size—have to be built many miles from the centre of cities. For instance, airliners can now go from London to Paris in sixty-five minutes. But the bus journeys to and from the airports at either end add up to a total of 100 minutes—which means, thinking in terms of time, that the passenger is making his journey more by road than by air.

Last week, B.E.A. also started their first attempt to improve this state of affairs. They announced that they were proposing to buy two Westland-Sikorsky S.55 helicopters, with which, next year, they hope to start regular daily services between the middle of London and London airport. The trip will take only about a third the time of the road journey. Experimental flights will start this autumn—in fact, almost as soon as the two machines can be fitted with floats on which they can come down on the river Thames in an emergency, as well as on land at either end of the route. The fare is expected to be about 30s.—rather less than the usual cost of a taxi.

Almost simultaneously with this announcement from B.E.A. came one from the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. Its gist was that the regulations by which aircraft can operate into central London were to be relaxed immediately and that helicopters could now fly in, pretty well at pleasure, provided they gave twenty-four hours notice, maintained a height of 500 feet or more, and kept to the course of the river Thames. This was to avoid the risk of machines crashing on houses and so on, since helicopters cannot glide far. The landing ground was to be on the South Bank, on the site of the main Festival of Britain exhibition.

Only a day later, Westminster was almost buzzing with helicopters, and the Ministry decided that the demand to use the South Bank site in the future was sufficient to justify it in leaving aircraft-control equipment down there for some time to come.

All this has caused great interest, which, in itself, is a promising sign for the future of rotary-wing flight. But it has also provoked critical thought about some of the difficulties involved. One thing that has been taken up—and warmly—is the noise that, not unexpectedly, these helicopters have been making over London, which it is feared might become a serious nuisance if the Thames becomes a kind of helicopter highway.

The other is the lack of machines capable of taking a really serious place in air transport, because those so far available here are small, rather slow, and almost incapable of being run at a profit. What is needed—according to the chief executive of B.E.A., Mr. Peter Masfield—is a big, economic helicopter with two or more engines, so that if one failed there would still be no risk of the aircraft crashing on to built-up areas. Until such a machine has been built and tested, Mr. Masfield says, B.E.A. will be unable to operate the network of the helicopter routes it has already planned, covering both British and continental cities. But he sees no prospect of aircraft of this sort becoming available for some years—and even then, at first, they are likely to be American and not British.

This forecast implies—and most experts would agree with this—that, so far, the aircraft industry in this country has not made the progress with helicopters that it has with many other types of civil and military aircraft. During the war no helicopters were built here: that in itself was bound to cause a lag in development. More than that, although several firms set their design staffs to work after the war to consider future possibilities, many did not feel able to start large-scale practical work. One reason for this—according to a senior executive of one of Britain's biggest aircraft constructors—is that there are few if any concerns that could afford to. He pointed out that from 1945 to 1951, there was only one year in which the Government paid more than £200,000 to the industry for helicopter research and development. This sum would not cover the cost of building a single prototype of anything but the smallest designs.

However, since then things have changed greatly. The importance in which the helicopter is held has grown visibly, not only in Britain but in the United States, France, and other countries as well. Almost everyone agrees that this was because of the Korean war. Since 1951 the Ministry of Supply has increased its outlay on helicopter research six-fold. This year, £1,250,000 is being spent in this way, and it is expected that this figure, too, will be doubled next year.—From a talk in the General Overseas Service.



# NEWS DIARY

June 23-29

## Wednesday, June 23

Commons debate foreign affairs

French Prime Minister and Chinese Foreign Minister meet in Berne for discussions on Indo-China

Joint headquarters of British Middle East land and air forces to move from Egypt to Cyprus

## Thursday, June 24

New French Cabinet receives vote of approval in National Assembly

Prime Minister tells Commons that the Government does not in present circumstances feel justified in increasing M.P.'s salaries by £500 a year, but is prepared to discuss alternatives with Opposition

Report published of discussions of United Nations Disarmament Commission sub-committee

## Friday, June 25

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden arrive in Washington, and start talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles

United Nations Security Council meets again at request of Guatemala

French Prime Minister decides not to attend forthcoming conference in Brussels of E.D.C. treaty powers

## Saturday, June 26

In Washington the American and British Foreign Ministers set up working committees on south-east Asia and E.D.C.

Mr. Casey, Australian Minister for External Affairs, arrives in Washington to attend meeting of A.N.Z.U.S.

French Prime Minister broadcasts on his foreign policy

## Sunday, June 27

The Arbenz Government decides to allow inter-American Peace Commission to enter Guatemala to investigate charges against Honduras and Nicaragua

Sarcophagus in Step Pyramid at Sakkara found to be empty

## Monday, June 28

President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill publish a joint statement about their talks in Washington dealing with E.D.C. and Indo-China

It is reported from Guatemala City that President Arbenz has resigned, a military junta formed, and the Communist Party outlawed

British climbers reach the summit of Barutse, over 23,000 feet high in the Himalayas; Italian climbers reach that of Mount Api, also 23,000 feet high

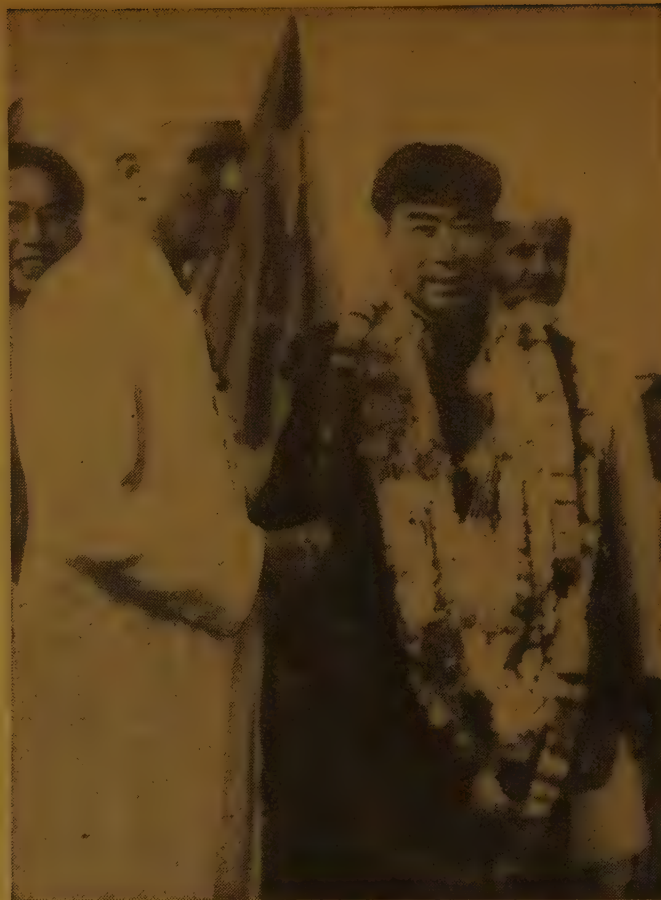
A Chinese trade delegation arrives in London

## Tuesday, June 29

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden leave Washington for Ottawa. President Eisenhower and Prime Minister publish statement of general principles on international policy

The capital of Guatemala is reported to have been bombed by rebel aircraft. New Government resigns

Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Foreign Minister, sees Burmese leaders in Rangoon



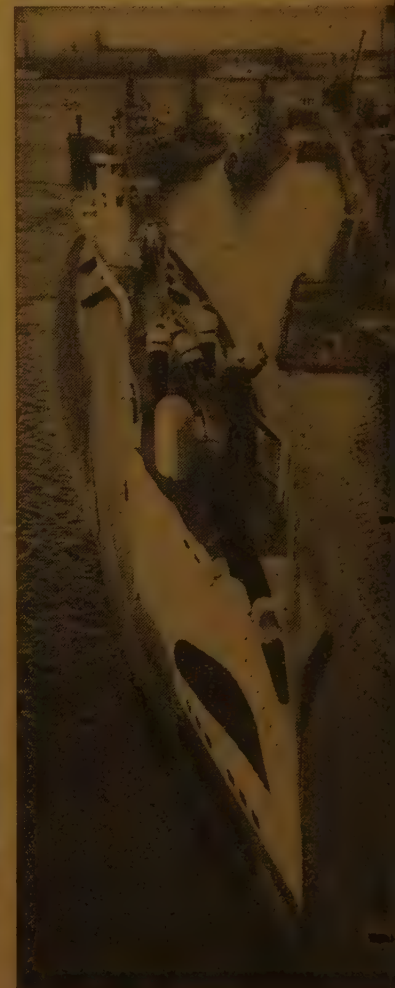
Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Foreign Minister (right), being met by Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, at Delhi airport on June 25. During Mr. Chou En-lai's three-day visit the two statesmen discussed south-east Asian problems



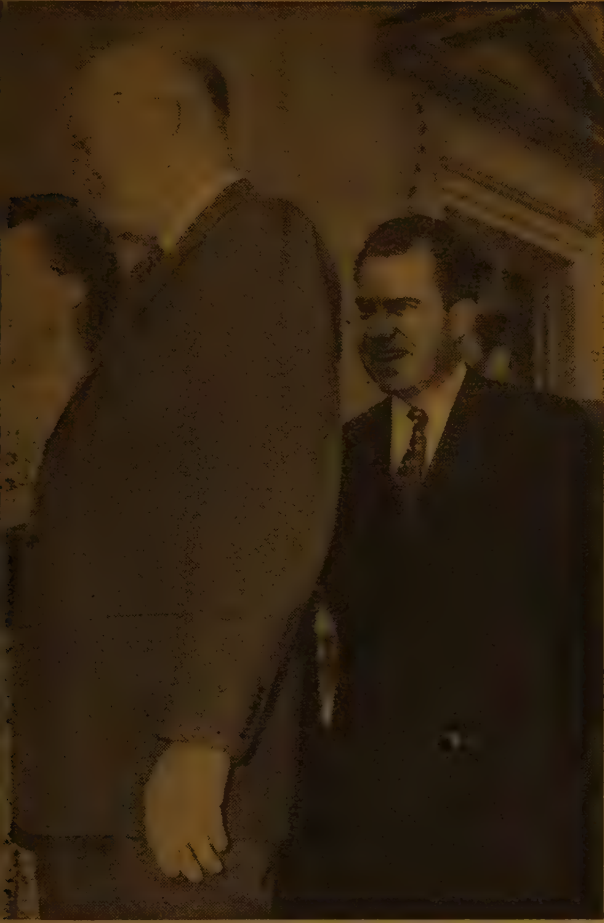
Sir Winston Churchill being greeted by President Eisenhower on June 25. On the right is Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President, for informal discussions



A photograph received from Guatemala showing rebel soldiers in the town of Esquipulas. On June 28, President Arbenz resigned his powers to the Army Chief of Staff, Colonel Diaz, who issued a decree outlawing the Communist Party. The following day it was reported that the capital had been bombed by the insurgents after the rejection of their peace terms







and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House, Washington, on June 23. The Prime Minister and Mr. Eden had flown from London to meet the American President and Mr. Dulles



Their Majesties King Gustaf and Queen Louise of Sweden arrived in London on June 28 for a four-day State visit. The photograph shows King Gustaf driving with Queen Elizabeth in procession up the Mall to Buckingham Palace



Recipients of honorary degrees walking to the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on June 23: from the left are Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor, and M. Vincent Auriol, former President of France; Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Dame Edith Evans; Professor Max Born, F.R.S., and Professor Paul Hindemith

Left: the submarine *Tally Ho* arriving at Portsmouth on June 25 after making most of the 2,800-mile journey from Bermuda under water, taking in air through a 'snort' tube



Model for a bronze memorial statue of the late King George VI. It will stand at the top of a new staircase leading from Carlton House Terrace to the Mall

Right: a table decoration (by Mrs. B. C. Wilson) which won a first prize at the Royal Windsor Rose and Horticultural Society Golden Jubilee Show last week



Uruguay's goalkeeper (left) in a clash with two of the English team during the quarter-final match of the World Cup at Basle last Saturday. Uruguay, the holders, won by four goals to two





## Party Political Broadcast

## A German Contribution to Western Defence

By C. R. ATTLEE, O.M., C.H., M.P., Leader of the Opposition

I WANT to talk to you this evening about foreign affairs and more particularly about the position of Germany in the world today, but before dealing with that particular subject, I should like to make some observations arising out of recent debates in the House of Commons.

When I was young, foreign affairs was regarded as a special subject, on which only the experts could usefully have an opinion, but after two world wars, we all know how intimately our own lives are affected. In a democracy we have not only the right but the duty to have an opinion and to form that opinion as carefully as we can, trying not to be carried away by emotion or prejudice but using our own common sense. This is particularly necessary when dealing with peoples with whom only a few years ago we were at war for we cannot help feeling emotional when we recall the sufferings and losses we experienced at their hands.

In a speech some weeks ago, I drew attention to the great danger that faces all peoples in the development of the hydrogen bomb. It menaces civilisation itself for hydrogen-bomb warfare might well result in the destruction of all the greatest cities of the world. It is difficult to realise this with everyday life going on, but that great danger is ever present in my mind. I pleaded then for a meeting between the leaders of the great countries of the world to get together before it was too late. I pointed out that America, Britain, Russia, and, indeed, all countries were in danger of having the basis of their economic life destroyed.

Hydrogen bombs once loosed will make no distinction between capitalists, socialists, and communists. The resolution which I moved was accepted by the House of Commons and we all hope that before long such a meeting may take place.

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary have gone to Washington for talks with the American President, carrying with them the good wishes of all Parties in the House. This was expressed this week\* in a debate when Mr. Eden gave a report of the Conference at Geneva on south-east Asia. That conference held out some hope of progress being made towards a settlement. It was notable for the fact that the present Chinese Government took part in it. It is quite obvious, as was clear to the Labour Government, that recognition of the People's Government of China is essential to getting any real progress to peace in the east.

It is, of course, vital that in dealing with Asiatic problems we should keep in closest touch with our colleagues in the British Commonwealth, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. Our interest in Asia is simply to get such conditions as will enable its various peoples to develop harmoniously as free nations, taking their full part in the world and enjoying rising standards of life. Some of my friends and I, who are on the Labour Party Executive, have been invited to go to China in August and we hope that the contacts we make there may be useful for helping to promote world peace.

But it is not possible to separate entirely the problems of Asia from those of other continents. The war in Korea and the absorption of the French in Indo-China have had serious repercussions on the European situation. The latter, in particular, has delayed progress in building up the strength of the west.

So, now, I want to direct your minds to the European problem and, particularly, to the future of Germany and her position in Europe. At Potsdam in 1945 President Truman, Mr. Stalin, and I made this declaration:

It is not the intention of the Allies to destroy or enslave the German people. It is the intention of the Allies that the German people be given the opportunity for the eventual reconstruction of their life on a peaceful and democratic basis. If their own efforts are steadily directed to this end, it will be possible for them, in due course, to take their place among the free and peaceful peoples of the world.

Nine years have passed since then. Unhappily, events did not turn out as we wished. The principles of this declaration were not honoured by Soviet Russia. The eastern part of Germany, which was in the control of Russia, has been cut off from the rest of the country. A puppet communist government has been installed and the country has become, in effect, a part of the Russian communist empire. Meanwhile, in the rest of Germany, controlled by Britain, France, and the U.S.A., there has been a great recovery and steady progress to democracy. Year by year, Germany has become more free and progress towards full and democratic self-government has been made.

The division of Germany into two parts has created a running sore in the heart of Europe. We can understand the ardent desire of Germans for reunion, but it is certain that the Germans do not wish to be reunited under communist rule. The great majority of Germans in both the eastern and western zones desire freedom and democracy. At the same time, all the countries who have suffered from German aggression are resolute that a militarist Germany shall not be allowed to arise again. Only when there has been a change in the attitude of Soviet Russia, of which there is at present no sign, can we hope for German reunion.

Here, then, is the problem. How best can we enable Germany to take her full part in the world as a free and democratic people without opening the door to the possibility of German militarism becoming a menace?

First, we must avoid the mistakes made after the first world war. Every encouragement and help should be given to the democratic forces in Germany. This has been the policy followed by the western governments. A frustrated Germany might again turn to totalitarianism—fascist or communist. Second, we must see that a freely elected German Government has sufficient strength not to be overturned by force from outside or inside Germany. Third, Germany should be encouraged to play her full part in the policy of raising standards of life in the less advanced parts of the world—a task for which she is well qualified. We hoped at Potsdam that this task of reconciling all Europe and of bringing Germany back into the comity of nations might have been done by all the victorious powers. Unfortunately, the Russians thought otherwise. I need not recall to you the past. The blockade of Berlin, aggression in Korea, continuation of great armaments by the communists, and all the rest which made it necessary for the Western Powers to create a defensive organisation known as Nato. But you will see readily that a difficult point arose over the position of Germany.

The Russians had created armed forces in

eastern Germany and behind them lay the immense forces of Russia. An unarmed Germany would be in great danger. If the Western Powers forbade her the means of self-defence, they would obviously have to accept the responsibility of defending her from attack. Can you imagine Britain, France, America, and the other European peoples being willing to send their men to defend Germany while the Germans did nothing? It would mean an immense burden. Moreover, to keep Germany compulsorily disarmed would involve continued occupation and a willingness to interfere with force if there were any secret arming. On the other hand, we were not prepared to see arise again a Germany with uncontrolled forces and a General Staff and all the rest of it. This would be to invite again the very trouble which we had experienced in 1914 and 1939.

Here, then, was the dilemma. Mainly at the suggestion of France, a plan was put forward for creating within the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation a European Defence Community, an international force closely integrated wherein no contingent would be completely independent or so strong as to be able to dominate the rest. It was proposed that within this force there should be a limited German contingent of twelve divisions. This is the plan known as E.D.C. Careful arrangements were made for the control of this force so as to make a real international force and not just a collection of national armies. The Labour Government, subject to certain conditions and safeguards, accepted this plan as has the present Government. It has been accepted by the Governments of France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and the German Federal Republic, and by most of the parliaments, with the exception of Italy and, curiously enough, of its original sponsors, the French.

This is the reality which lies behind the tendentious phrase 'German rearmament'.

I confess that it was only with hesitation that we accepted it, but I have not yet seen any counter proposal that was not open to greater objections. If the E.D.C. Treaty is not ratified, however, we shall have to look for an alternative method of providing a west German defence contribution. Nato looks the next best, but I doubt whether it is as good.

I can understand those who object to the idea of a defence contribution by western Germany. There are, first, the pacifists who object to any arms anywhere. I cannot agree with them but I can respect them. Then there are the communists who say nothing about arming eastern Germany but are loud in their protests against E.D.C. They believe in arming only people under communist control. Then, there are reactionary forces in Germany who object to E.D.C. because they want a freer hand for national forces. I understand both these last groups but I am strongly opposed to them.

Then, there are the people who have a perfectly genuine fear and dislike for anything which savours of giving arms to Germans. I understand and sympathise with their feelings, but when I ask for an alternative I get no satisfactory reply. Some merely ask for delay, but I feel that this is dangerous. Delay means weakness in the west. It means a continuing burden on the man-power of this and other countries. It gives a handle to reactionary forces in Germany who really want to re-create German militarism. I have already pointed out



the impracticality of a neutralised Germany.

E.D.C. may not be ratified. The prospect is doubtful, but to those who look forward to this with pleasure I ask, 'Where do we go from here?' No German rearmament is not a policy—it is only a negative.

How is it proposed to provide the forces admittedly necessary in order to deter aggression in Europe: presumably, by the other western countries. How is an unarmed neutral Germany

to be protected? Again, presumably by the other western countries. We are bearing a heavy burden of national service now. Many would like to see it lightened, but how can it be done in these circumstances?

I find that most people agree that without a prolonged occupation with immense forces, it is certain that in the long run Germany will rearm. As a sovereign State will claim the right to conduct her own defence. The question is

whether it is to be done under conditions which offer the greatest possibility of control and of integrating German forces with others in an international force for the defence of Europe or whether it is to be done as it was done in the years before the war which led to the world being plunged in bloodshed. I have tried to put the position fairly to you. What we as practical people have to decide is what course of action is most likely to promote peace.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### How the Hydrogen Bomb Works

Sir,—I greatly admire the energy and initiative with which Mrs. Muriel Howorth brought into being first the Ladies' Atomic Energy Association (of which she persuaded me to be first President) and then its successor, the Institute for Atomic Information of the Layman. Not being a scientist herself, she realised how ignorant and helpless the average member of the public must feel, in a way which the more orthodox Atomic Scientists' Association, bent on absolute accuracy first and last, has perhaps failed to appreciate. I think it is a pity, therefore, that she allowed herself to be so irritated by my remarks about civil defence as to descend simply to a spate of personal abuse. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Adkins are kinder; they accuse me only of naivety.

But is it really naive to suggest that money now being spent on an admittedly poor defence against damage to ourselves, damage which may never occur, would be better and more rightly spent on relief of the present hunger and suffering of others?

Is it not even more naive to suppose that by carving the world up into factions and arming each to the teeth with atomic weapons, we can ensure permanent peace in a world that is seething with revolt against privilege and assumed superiority? Of course the existence of H-bomb bases in this country is not the only cause of war. But it is certainly a major invitation to a potential enemy to attempt to knock Great Britain out of action as quickly and as thoroughly as possible, once war has begun for whatever reason. Would we not try to do the same to, say, Czechoslovakia, if all the H-bomb bases were concentrated there?

Mr. Hughes sneers at Christian pacifists for being, as he thinks, few in number. Since he knows his Bible very well, he will not need me to quote Matthew vii, 13-14.

Yours, etc.,

West Drayton

KATHLEEN LONSDALE

Sir,—Mr. Hughes (THE LISTENER, June 24) is either strangely ignorant, or strangely prejudiced. He writes that folk like myself 'propose to do precisely nothing' about the presence of a potential enemy. Whatever has given him that, frankly, 'silly' idea? Professor Lonsdale is a member of the Society of Friends; I am a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, two very active societies, doing a most valuable work in peace-making. But, clearly, Mr. Hughes spells the word 'pacifist' as 'passivist'—a very common, but quite unpardonable mistake.

And then, what does he mean by his remark about 'self-appointed exponents of Christianity'? For a man who apparently accepts the findings of Nicca, and then writes 'Christ cer-

tainly knew nothing of our difficulties,' this remark of his strikes me as very, very naive.

Yours, etc.,

Bradford

R. G. F. WADDINGTON

Canon of Bradford

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

### Teaching of International Relations

Sir,—The inquiry you printed in THE LISTENER of June 24 over the signature of Vivien Cutting is pertinent indeed: and invites, I rather feel, a word at least of comment from me. For in my broadcast, and even in the Unesco booklet, there was much that went unsaid.

That the body of phenomena surrounding the relationships between states was in general but imperfectly understood had been apparent already in 1919 to the fathers of Chatham House. And that it might fruitfully become the material for a more cloistered approach went likewise not everywhere unperceived. If, in constructive outlook, the late Lord Davies was in truth a very citizen of the world he was also, and none the less, a patriotic Welshman: and it was at Aberystwyth that, jointly with his sisters, he created in 1920 the Woodrow Wilson Chair. May the University of Wales never weaken in its pride at having so been singled out. It was indeed a noble swallow that thus was introduced, even though it could obviously not bring a summer, on its own.

If the flow of overdue developments was not presently to exceed the dimensions of a trickle this would not now be for want of an original priming of the pump. In other words, the fact that in their palmy period of post-1945 expansion the universities were to leave so largely unrepaired their omissions of an earlier day, would not be attributable to lack of all intelligence as to what, given the vision and, may I respectfully say it, the courage, it was theirs to attempt.

How far up to now the general response to that shining initiative has been commensurate with the scope and complexity of the subject, or with its relevance to the preoccupations of so many another accepted specialism, is doubtless a debatable issue. But it is hardly an inconsequential one. For as, in a comparable context, Sir Walter Moberly has written, 'It is a fallacy to suppose that, by omitting a subject, you teach nothing about it. On the contrary, you teach that it is to be omitted, and that it is, therefore, a matter of secondary importance'.

In this country since 1920 a good many students have gone through a good many institutions other than the University College of Wales. What proportion, even today—and which—of those young men and women who, in this

coming autumn, will be making their debut at a British university, will have it open to them to include this subject—whether catalogued as politics, as relations, or whatsoever else you will; for what matters is its focus of essential concern, and not so much its name—within their academic purview? And, if still no great proportion, one can but continue asking, Why?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2.

C. A. W. MANNING.

### Thoughts of an American in England

Sir,—It is interesting to compare Mrs. Paulu's sensible comments on Miss Mary McCarthy's talk with the splenetic outburst of Mr. Salomon. Mr. Salomon has misdirected his attack, for the point at issue is neither which country has made most mistakes in foreign policy nor whose war sacrifices were the greater, but whether there is personal animosity to Americans among the ordinary people of Britain.

I have recently spent over a year in the United States, partly in a small town in the Middle West—traditional home of anti-British sentiment—and partly in the great cities of the East. I could recount many remarks, some consciously offensive, some unwittingly patronising, which I might have resented, but for every one I can recall a hundred instances of heart-warming friendliness and genuine interest. I feel sure that such must be the experience of most who cross the Atlantic, provided they are neither looking for insults nor exceptionally unpleasant people themselves.

Like Miss McCarthy, I noticed the stiffening and head-turning when my British accent was heard, but I interpreted it as being due to natural curiosity rather than to animosity.

Yours, etc.,

Dundee.

R. S. MITCHELL.

### The Battle of Waterloo

Sir,—In Captain Thomas Wildman's letter on the Battle of Waterloo (THE LISTENER, June 24) it is stated that Napoleon 'headed the last attack in person, placing himself in front of his Imperial Guard and leading up to the very mouth of our guns'. A different and less heroic account of Bonaparte's conduct at this point of the battle is given in the journal of his own aide-de-camp, quoted by Edward Bruce Low:

[Napoleon] seemed to think that . . . he had no other resource than to make a great effort with the reserve of his Guard. . . . He advanced saying, 'Let every one follow me', which clearly signified that he wished to be in front. In fact he made this movement at first and headed, for about ten minutes, the formidable column . . . ; but when he arrived within two hundred toises (1,200 ft.) from three solid squares of Allied troops . . . , with a formidable artillery . . . he suddenly stopped under the broken ground of a





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sand-pit or ravine and a little on one side out of the direction of the cannon balls.

From this position Bonaparte watched his troopers pass, on many of whose faces was 'a mixture of surprise and discontent occasioned by their unexpected meeting with Buonaparte who as they thought, was at their head'. Napoleon remained there, the journal continues, until night-fall, when he 'disappeared from us under pretext of going himself to ascertain the state of things and to put himself at the head of the Guards to animate them'. He was going, however, for the purpose of 'effecting his personal retreat'.

Yours, etc.,

Keighley

IAN DEWHIRST

Sir,—The interesting letter, by Captain Thomas Wildman, giving his personal experiences, and additional data, about the Battle of Waterloo is a valuable historic document. Sir Grimwood Mears is to be thanked for the interest he has taken in having the letter published.

That the letter was only recently found in a deed box prompts me to refer to Sergeant Charles Ewart, Scots Greys, who captured one of the Eagles at the Battle of Waterloo. He wrote a letter from Rouen, August 16, 1815, stating in graphic terms how he captured the trophy and though extracts have been published, as far back as 1816, no one appears to know where the original is.

In *The War Drama of the Eagles*, by Edward Fraser (Murray, 1912), it is stated on page 397 that Ewart sent the letter to his father—who was probably living in Ayrshire. Sergeant Ewart was rewarded with an ensigncy in the 5th Royal Veteran Battalion, February 22, 1816, and on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, in the same year, was a guest of honour at a public banquet in Edinburgh and Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott 'proposed a bumper to the health of Ensign Ewart, late of the Scots Greys'.

Ensign Ewart died at Davydhulme, near Manchester, in 1846 aged seventy-seven years and his remains now rest under the memorial on the Esplanade, Edinburgh Castle. Enquiries have been made, at various times, through Manchester and Scottish newspapers about the missing letter without success. Perhaps the same good fortune, some day, will come in a similar way to the finding of Captain Wildman's letter.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 14

T. G. SCOTT

### Calamities in the Opera House

Sir,—The following might perhaps be added to Sir George Stuart Robertson's collection of operatic calamities.

At the second performance of Piccinni's 'Iphigénie en Tauride' (1781) the prima donna playing Iphigenia was noticeably drunk. This provoked the quip, '*C'est Iphigénie en Champagne*'.—Yours, etc.,

Bedford

G. M. LEE

### The Reinhardt Touch

Sir,—Readers of Mr. W. Bridges-Adams' talk (THE LISTENER, June 10) on Max Reinhardt may not all be aware of the later history of Schloss Leopoldskron. It was in a dilapidated state after the war, but in 1947, thanks to the great generosity of Hélène Thimig, it became the home of the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies. This is sponsored by the Harvard Student Council, and gives courses on American studies for advanced students from as many as seventeen European countries; it is financed mainly from the generosity of private persons in the United States. Since 1947, well over a thousand students have attended, and the Seminar has remained faithful to the purpose enunciated by the late F. O. Matthiessen at the opening session

—'to put man once again into communication with man'.

The palace is in a steadily improving condition, although lack of funds prevents its restoration to its former glory. Incidentally, the castellan is still Herr Russinger, who was there even before Reinhardt's time.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JOHN GILLARD WATSON

### Fruits of Our Orchards and Gardens

Sir,—If I made a mistake in my derivation of cultivated peach trees, I am grateful to Professor Wilson for saying so, but may I say that, as Berthold Laufer pointed out (*Sino-Iranica*. Field Mus.Nat.Hist.Pub.201. Chicago, 1919) A. de Candolle relied solely on Bretschneider in everything concerned with China, and Bretschneider was often guilty of misreading a Chinese text. I am, however, bound to add that Laufer supports de Candolle in the matter of the peach, giving this fruit a Chinese origin. He believed that the peach may have reached Iran by the second century B.C. having been carried there by silk-traders. From the Greeks and Romans had the plant from Iran.

My reason for sticking to the older explanation was not solely that the Latin name *persica* misled me. I was following Victor Heyn, who is at least as reliable as de Candolle; I preferred him because ever since I discovered that although the Chinese have eight species of *Vites* native to their territories they had to wait for General Can K'ien to introduce *V. vinifera* from Ferghana in c. 128 B.C., I have been suspicious of them as the originators of cultivated plants. To think of waiting all those centuries for a decent glass of wine, with the grapes growing on one's doorstep. Still, the brilliant Central American horticulturalists were just as bad. While I was impressed by the fact that the Persian names for peach and apricot, while not Chinese loan words, were merely descriptive, I also had to take into account that there is a written record of the introduction of at least one kind of peach (the 'golden peach', see Laufer op. cit.) from Sogdiana into China, c. A.D. 625, in the *T'se fu yüan kwei*. However, if the geneticists support de Candolle, there can, of course, be no more to be said.

Professor Wilson is rather severe; he reproaches me for too gullibly being misled by *persica*, and then raps me over the knuckles for not being sufficiently impressed by *armeniaca*. He cannot have it both ways. Laufer says: 'The zone of the wild apricot may well extend from Russian Turkestan to Sungaria, south-eastern Mongolia and the Himalaya; but the historical fact remains that the Chinese have been the first to cultivate this fruit from ancient times'. Even if the dating of Chinese documents is unreliable, as I have been warned in a letter from a sinologue listener, the apricot was certainly being cultivated in China about 3,000 years ago. I should be rather surprised if the 'Caucasus'—rather a broad designation surely—had produced, in 1000 B.C., a civilisation sufficiently high to plant orchards of apricots. Of the movement of this species, Laufer says that it went from China first to Iran, and thence to Armenia, Greece, and Rome. The Romans named it for Armenia, the proximate source; but it still came from Persia and China. After all, I was discussing cultivated plants. *Vitis vinifera silvestris* Gmel was native to half Europe, but, as A. M. Negrul of the Leningrad Institute of Applied Botany has shown, the primitive cultivated form (*V. vinifera sativa* D.C.3) was introduced from the east long before native vines were taken into cultivation.

I should like to accept Professor Wilson's invitation to cross peach and apricot; but first let him give me a good reason for doing so.

Mr. Waley Joseph, in his interesting letter about *σῦκοφάντης* is, as he himself suggests, fanciful in supposing it possible that figs in Athens could be as valuable as gold. They were, with wine and olives, the staples of the stony soil of Attica; they were exported, dried, and were the food of the poor, as well as the rich. 'Xerxes caused Attic figs to be set before him whenever he dined to remind him that the land where they grew was not yet his and that instead of receiving the food as a tribute he was obliged to buy it from abroad'. But if, as Mr. Joseph says, *sycophants* had anciently no pejorative significance, then my reading of its sense fails.

Finally, you, sir, in your leader of June 10, refer to the ruin of pre-Royal Sovereign varieties of strawberry by virus disease. Maybe; I can only say that Trollope's Victoria, Eliza's Seedling, Keen's Seedling, Fillbasket and Black Prince are, in my garden, less debilitated than Royal Sovereign.—Yours, etc.

Molash.

EDWARD HYAMS.

### The Comic Element in the English Novel

Sir,—Mr. Harold Binns makes the surprising statement that '*le mot juste*' is hardly more French than '*tout de go*' is English. Emile Zola had a different opinion. To quote only one example:

'C'est là le rêve, le tourment, le besoin qui lui fait discuter longuement chaque virgule, qui, durant des mois, l'occupe d'un terme impropre, jusqu'à ce qu'il ait la joie victorieuse de le remplacer par le mot juste'.

[*Les Romanciers Naturalistes*: 'Gustave Flaubert', 1881.]

Yours, etc.,

Frinton-on-Sea

T. E. HENDRIE

### Round the London Galleries

Sir,—Mr. Bell, in his review (THE LISTENER, June 17) of the work of Francis Bacon at the Hanover Gallery, makes a grave mistake when he writes of Mr. Bacon's 'sound and fury' which he feels a need to disregard in order to compare these pictures with those of Whistler. Bacon is essentially a painter of silences, the silences which persist at a much deeper level (even if they are inarticulate) than the declamatory furies of many critics of his work.

Before any critic can justly condemn the 'inability of an artist to come to grips with the fundamental problems of painting', he should at least show that he appreciates the fundamental problem and intention of the artist in question, and then he may be in a position to assess whether the means he has employed achieves the end in view. I cannot conceive the implications of Mr. Bacon's pictures being more powerfully communicated by any other methods than those he is using, and this surely can be the only important criterion. Any attempt by what perhaps Mr. Bell would consider 'gifted artists' to convey what Mr. Bacon is interested in communicating would be very wide of the mark, no matter how much ability, etc. Mr. Bacon's gift is visionary, and he is absolutely justified in ignoring some of the outworn conventions of 'picture making' in order to contribute a new intensity and vitality, and also the necessary mystery of his intentions.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

R. DE MÉRIC

### Ford Madox Ford

Sir,—I am at present engaged in preparing a study of the literary career of Ford Madox (Hueffer) Ford (1873-1939) and would very much appreciate it if anyone possessing letters or other material concerning his life and work would communicate with me.—Yours, etc.,

New College, Oxford FRANK MACSHANE



# Change of Air

BURTON PAULU compares British and American broadcasting

ONE difference between broadcasting in Britain and in the United States is that in the U.S.A. the listener can choose from among many more stations. For example, if you went from London to New York, you could hear some twenty-five or thirty different stations, each with a different programme. And if you moved from Manchester, Edinburgh, or Belfast to American cities of about the same size—say, Kansas City or Minneapolis-St. Paul—you could tune in eight or ten stations. The reason American cities have so many stations is that the size and location of the country make available for home use about eight times as many radio broadcasting frequencies as here.

## The 'Commercials'

Once you began to listen to programmes, you would notice that most—though not all—American stations broadcast advertisements: they are, in fact, supported in that way. It is for this reason that a set owner does not need to buy a licence. These advertisements—or 'commercials'—are broadcast at the beginning and end of sponsored programmes, and often at natural breaks during a programme. Local stations often insert them between gramophone records on popular music broadcasts. All stations have some programmes, however, without commercials at all. It is unusual for a single announcement to last for more than one minute, and many run for only ten or fifteen seconds. They vary widely in subject and type: some are very dignified; for example, the ABC Chemical Company might explain that it conducts constant experiments to improve its products and lower their cost. Others are properly the subject of both complaint and ridicule, as when another—or perhaps the same—chemical manufacturer tells you during the dinner hour, of all times, that his laxative is best, and then goes on to explain just exactly why.

In judging this, or any other, aspect of American broadcasting, you must be fair; especially, you should not assume that the extreme case is typical. I personally consider many commercial announcements objectionable, others tolerable, still others entertaining or even instructive in themselves. Actually, since I usually lower my level of attention while the commercials are being broadcast they often provide me with short intervals of relaxation or let-down in the course of an otherwise concentrated listening session.

People often ask whether the commercial system has any effect on programme content. It has: the competitive commercial system emphasises the role of the audience in broadcasting. Since audience size is of such importance to advertisers, stations are always under pressure to develop popular programmes, and either to drop or move to inconvenient listening times things like symphony concerts or serious talks, which have less audience appeal. In this respect the system is bad. On the other hand, the commercial system never goes to the opposite extreme of over-providing for intellectual or cultural minorities. Furthermore, whether dealing with popular or serious material, all American stations concentrate on effective presentation. A high premium is placed upon ingenuity in developing programmes which accomplish their purpose for their intended audiences. This means, among other things, that programmes must be made interesting and attractive, or else they go off the air. This, to me, is all to the good.

But now, something about these programmes. The United States has four nation-wide networks. None of these, however, owns more than seven standard broadcast stations; the other stations on each network are independently owned, and are free to bargain for network affiliation or not, as they wish. Each network develops and distributes a variety of programmes to 100 or more stations in all parts of the country. On the whole, the best-known and most-listened-to radio programmes are originated by these networks. But there also are other programme sources: there are regional networks; all network stations do their own local programming for a part of each day; and since a majority of the country's stations are not network members they necessarily originate all of their programmes.

I could discuss for an hour any one of these stations: what can I

say in a short space about all 2,500 of them? In the case of variety and entertainment, there are far more similarities than differences between American and British broadcasting, both as regards programme types and audience tastes. News programmes, though, are less similar, and this is especially true of news commentaries and analyses. American networks and stations present news commentators holding widely divergent views who broadcast regularly year after year, and who build devoted national audiences. The listener, of course, takes his choice. You must have heard some of our better men on the B.B.C., people like Joseph C. Harsch and Edward R. Murrow. If I may express a personal opinion, it would be that America's good news commentators are excellent, but that audience preference often goes to many who are rather irresponsible.

For serious drama and features, the palm definitely goes to the B.B.C.: only occasionally do American audiences hear the ninety-minute versions of famous plays which are regularly broadcast here, although American stations do carry many well-done, thirty-minute dramatic programmes of lighter content. Serial dramas like 'The Archers' and 'Mrs. Dale' are just as popular in the United States as here, and many more of them are broadcast, especially in the morning and afternoon.

American stations broadcast few straight talks. But they do broadcast many political talks: the law requires equal treatment of all candidates for office, and preceding each national, state, or local election, there is a veritable deluge of political broadcasts, during which no holds are barred. For the most part, the time for these is bought and paid for by the candidates or parties rather than being donated, as happens here; but that seems to be no obstacle to the extensive airing of all points of view. Between elections, government officials frequently use radio to report to the public: you must have heard of President Roosevelt's famous 'Fireside Chats', for example, and nowadays President Eisenhower and his associates in the Government often go on the air. In addition, spokesmen for both parties regularly debate current political issues. Although the parties do not formally agree on so many programmes per year as they do here in Britain, in practice they get equal chances to broadcast.

## Music from Bach to 'Boogie'

Now something about music: American radio broadcasts a good deal of it, ranging from Bach to 'boogie'. Many local stations have long programmes of recorded popular music rather like 'Housewives' Choice' and the Sunday noon 'Family Favourites', accompanied, though, by a good deal of informal chatter from the announcers, who on such programmes are called 'disc jockeys'. Unfortunately, commercial stations broadcast a good deal less serious music than does the B.B.C., and usually at less good hours. But we should give credit where credit is due: the Columbia Broadcasting System has for years broadcast a ninety-minute Sunday afternoon concert by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; the National Broadcasting Company created a fine orchestra especially for Arturo Toscanini; and the American Broadcasting Company devotes from three to four hours each Saturday afternoon during the operatic season to complete performances from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

If you moved from Great Britain to the United States, and settled in a city with only commercial stations, you might miss some of the serious dramas, talks, and music of the B.B.C. But if you lived within reach of one of America's non-commercial educational stations, your total range of choice would be very wide. Over 100 American cities have stations operated by colleges, universities, and other educational authorities. These stations do not sell time; they are supported from the general educational funds of the schools which operate them. They broadcast, among other things, a good deal of serious music, both live and recorded; extended dramatic programmes; lectures and talks for adult listeners; and also programmes for use in schools. Through their organisation, the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, these stations exchange tape recordings of their own best programmes. In addition, they broadcast programmes from other sources, including



—you may be surprised to hear—a good many from the B.B.C.

In an American city with all four major networks, some independent commercial stations, and one educational station, you could, therefore, in the course of a day, choose from about as many if not more types of programmes than would be available to you in a British city. If you went to a town with only commercial stations, you would have a choice of fewer serious and cultural things than here. But in New York, for example, you could get a great range of variety shows, news, light drama, and popular music. One or more local stations would play popular records all day long, and there would be good coverage of sporting events. Some excellent symphonic and operatic music would be broadcast by the networks. In addition, in New York, you could hear serious recorded music almost any time from early morning to midnight over a commercial station operated by the *New York Times* newspaper, and also a good deal from New York City's non-commercial municipal station, WNYC, which, in addition, would offer you many lectures, talks, and special educational features. In the Middle Western state of Wisconsin there is a network of several non-commercial stations which supplies the whole state with serious and cultural programmes. In Minneapolis and St. Paul, the University of Minnesota station, KUOM, selected by *Variety* magazine as the outstanding non-commercial station of the past year, had among its many recent offerings eighty-five lectures, each forty-five minutes long, which, with dramatised illustrations, reviewed the best in Greek and Roman literature.

Perhaps this emphasises some relatively unusual and very favourable aspects of American broadcasting. It is true that people with minority tastes, living in communities with only commercial stations, are less well served; and residents in small isolated towns might have a very limited choice. Nevertheless, such a range of programmes is available in many communities.

What I have said so far might suggest that American broadcasting

runs itself, without any government regulation or supervision. This is not the case. Congress has set up the Federal Communications Commission to license broadcasting stations and to exercise limited regulatory powers over them. The law authorises the Federal Communications Commission to license broadcasting stations provided they serve the 'public interest, convenience, or necessity', three terms which have never been precisely defined, and hence are the subject of much discussion. The Commission may revoke licences for cause, and one reason could be very poor or inadequate programme services. As a matter of fact, though, the FCC, as it is called, is not at all arbitrary, and has never revoked a licence except for very good reasons.

A short radio talk is not the place to evaluate a whole country's broadcasting system, or to make extensive comparisons between the systems of two different countries. But in case you want to make your own appraisals, I should like to suggest three things to bear in mind. The first of these is, judge whole systems, not just parts of them. There are some good and some bad features in any set-up: the critic, therefore, must add up both sides of the ledger and strike a balance; he should not pick out a few favourable or unfavourable items which come to his attention or happen to strike his fancy, and base his judgement on them alone. Next, you should ask yourself what is best for the country, not just which method of operation provides more programmes of the type that you personally would like to hear. And, finally, you should always remember that a broadcasting system is an integral part of a nation's life and culture. It is not a disembodied thing: it results from and contributes to the way of life of the country to which it belongs. For this reason an American like me, who comes here to study British broadcasting, must realise that the B.B.C. is a part of Britain. On the other hand, if you are going to judge the American system, you must recognise that it is run in America, by Americans, and for Americans.—*Home Service*

## Work in the Flower Garden

By F. H. STREETER

**I**F you grow pyrethrums and they have not been divided for several years, split them up and replant now, as soon as they have finished flowering. They will start again, right away, and next year you will never know they were moved, except that you will have three times as many.

When you mulch your paeonies after flowering, be careful to see that the crowns are not buried too deeply. That can easily happen and they strongly resent such treatment. Perhaps you have a box hedge that needs clipping? Now is the time, preferably when it is rather damp. Never clip a hedge on a hot day. You will smother yourself, and it is tough work, whereas in the evening after a shower it will cut well. Do not forget that those hedges harbour the greenfly. It is not a bad plan to spray them over with an insecticide, especially near your chrysanthemums. I have seen these plants nearly ruined by this pest near a hedge, and wondered how on earth they were being constantly attacked, no matter what we did. So please do not forget to have a look at your hedges, just in case, and it is not waste to spray them.

As soon as the spikes of your lupins finish blooming, cut them off; do not let them carry a lot of seed pods. Take only the spike off, do not get down into the foliage, and in a few weeks you will have a few more odd spikes coming up all through the summer. Do not forget to keep the early flowering chrysanthemums fed and tied up—each stem tied separately, or you will let them down the first time you cut a flower. A neat, single tie to each stem and all will be well.

Keep a pretty sharp look out for insects; keep the hoe going between the annuals whenever and wherever you can—the asters and stocks especially. And talking about stocks, do not forget to sow a batch of Bromptons. These Brompton stocks are good for cutting, too. Sow the seed thinly and water the drills before sowing, then they will be up in a few days. Dust them over with derris powder—the bobs attack them sometimes—then when large enough prick them out on a shady border, not too shady, and you will have lovely plants to go out this autumn.

Here is a hint about Canterbury bells, which are in full flower now. Do take off the flowers as soon as they begin to fade, then they will go

on for weeks. There is still time to sow cup-and-saucer Canterbury bells. They are good for cutting and using in the house, and, by the way, potted up, they are champion.

Do not forget your violet runners while they are growing—in the shade, of course. Keep the runners picked out so that the crowns of the plants can develop; see that the soil is moist and well hoed, and spray them twice a week with weak soot-water and you will have some of the sweetest violets you ever smelt next winter.

Here are a few brief hints: do not forget to thin your fruit, apples, pears, and plums—where they are too thick. There is nothing gained by overcropping at any time. Dust the raspberries coming into bloom with derris powder. Watch all newly planted trees for water. They need much more than they generally get. Finally, try to layer your early strawberry runners. I know it is a bit difficult with the crop, but do your best to get them rooted—into pots for preference; if not, peg them into the soil. They will soon root and make nice plants.

—*From a talk in the Home Service*

### The P.E.N. Congress

Representatives from over thirty countries attended the twenty-sixth international congress of the P.E.N. which met in Amsterdam last week under the presidency of Mr. Charles Morgan. The congress had as its theme experimental writing in contemporary literature, and among those who contributed to the discussion were Professor Denis Saurat, the French novelist M. André Chamson, Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn, Miss Phyllis Bentley, Mr. Daniel George, Mr. James Farrell, and Miss Hester Chapman. On Wednesday, June 23, members of the congress were present at a ceremony in St. Peter's Church, Leyden, where honorary degrees were conferred by the university of Leyden on the French novelist M. Jean Schlumberger, on Mr. E. M. Forster, and on the Dutch poet and essayist Mr. Victor van Vriesland. At the invitation of the Austrian P.E.N. centre the congress next year will be held in Vienna. In 1956 it will meet in London.



## Art

# The Lyrical Imagination of Monet

By DAVID SYLVESTER

D. H. LAWRENCE, in that profound and sweeping essay of his on painting, showed that the searching clumsiness of Cézanne's drawing arose, not out of his being maladroit or incompetent, but out of his desperate need to avoid the *cliché*. Monet's composition is surely a parallel case. If he had been able to design like Poussin, he might have pleased Roger Fry, but what use would it have been to him? He could compose all right, when he wanted to. There is nothing wrong with the lay-out of the grey view of Westminster painted on his first London visit (No. 5 in the exhibition at the Marlborough). And look at the 'Giverny—Le Bord de l'Epte' painted about 1894 (No. 36): see how the tree-trunks, as in a Cézanne, appear to be spaced as inevitably as the columns of a Doric temple, so that the light radiating from the intervals between them is more than atmospheric, has the peculiar luminosity of light given shape which is found in Piero or Raphael. This architecture was something demanded by the subject, suggested by the subject. But if Monet had looked for a coherent design, a beginning and a middle and an end, in all the things he painted, he could not possibly, given his choice of subject, have avoided the *cliché*. And the use of any *cliché* would have been the negation of all he stood for. An artist's attitude to nature is really a function of his attitude to the art of the past. Monet's desire to approach nature without preconceptions (which is, of course, the one thing no artist can ever do) is simply the corollary of that distrust of Art, of the picture as museum-property, which is so manifest in the facts of his early life. Of course he could have composed adequately (it is far easier to do so than not), but only by denying his iconoclasm.

Still, you do not exonerate a man of his limitations by calling him an extremist. Was it worth while to discard so much of what painting stood for? Did the pure impressionist paintings of the eighteen-seventies and 'eighties do justice to the lyrical imagination behind those early dappled visions of girls among the trees and those of girls on beaches where light is made mysterious by passages of dark (as if *contre-jour* effects had been transplanted out of doors)? Here, in these traces of the lovely fragility of women, these intimations of the evanescence of their beauty, light is not loved for itself but for what was done to it by people he cared for. It is not surprising that the interior with figures round a table (reproduced here), which is the earliest work at the Marlborough, looks forward to Van Gogh's 'Potato Eaters'.

For the exclusion of all this tenderness and mystery, the freshness and vibrancy of the unpeopled landscapes which followed is not a sufficient compensation (a judgement which the Marlborough show confirms too strongly, because the works of 1874-90 are not such good examples of their period as the earlier and later ones). It is not weakness of construction or design that lets them down, but a certain diffuseness of *feeling*. Monet's great shortcoming was that he could not,

in the act of rendering the visible, objectify emotion with that intense pressure which gives Seurat's sketches their terrible radiance. His art was too relaxed.

In the 'nineties and thereafter, the poet behind the early works had his say again—or, rather, a different poet did. Monet is often considered to have lapsed at this point into decoration. Even Rewald, who is usually so loth to express an opinion, commits himself to an attitude almost of contempt towards the later Monet. And in this he reflects the view by Monet's contemporaries at the time, when even the ineffectual Guillaumin complained of his 'total lack of construction'. It is a criticism which seems quite precisely wrong when confronted

with the three paintings of 1894 in the Marlborough show—the 'Bord de l'Epte' already mentioned, the firm and serene 'Paysage de Printemps' and, above all, the 'Cathédrale de Rouen', in which the structure and solidity of the building have settled firm as a rock within the opaquely luminous paint's evocation of the transience of atmosphere. Monet, indeed, committed the unforgivable sin of developing his personal vision to a point at which he transcended the comprehension of his admirers. He paid for it, as Titian had done, by appearing to be in decline when in fact he was at the lonely height of his powers.

Even in the interminable 'Nymphéas' Monet never deteriorated into a decorator. He could be

said to have done so if the arbitrary colours to which his heightening of atmospheric colour finally led him had served merely to distil a *mood*. But he did not become a painter of moods, because, however subjective the means of expression became, the origin of whatever he did always remained a sensation. Only in his last years—especially in the Venetian paintings, the Tate's example of which demonstrates the point supremely—he no longer painted the sensation as given, but the sensation as felt: it was no longer a question of rendering an effect of light and tone as it exists in the atmosphere, but of rendering the way our eyes can be dazzled by contemplation of the beautiful. It was the final consummation of his quite morbidly protracted love-affair with nature. That love never settled down into the familiarity of marriage, he never lost his capacity to be surprised by nature's charms. And having submitted his will to hers—to his cost, as an artist—he finally let his feelings run loose in a series of unconstrained lyrics in her praise. If he had loved her less unreservedly, if he had been aware of those darker subtleties divined by Cézanne and Seurat and Van Gogh, he would have been a profounder artist than he was.



'Le Déjeuner de la Famille Sisley' by Monet (1863) now on view at the Marlborough Gallery

Among recent books on art are *Renoir*, in the series of Skira art books entitled 'The Taste of Our Time' (Zwemmer, 35s.); four books in the *Ars Mundi* series (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. each) on *Bruegel*, *Daumier*, *Lautrec*, and *Rembrandt*, and *Designers in Britain*, volume IV, compiled by the Society of Industrial Artists, edited by Herbert Spencer (Wingate, 45s.)



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## European Thought in the Eighteenth Century from Montesquieu to Lessing.

By Paul Hazard. Hollis and Carter. 35s.

DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY modern science grew and took up its impregnable position. Within a brief span of years the telescope, the microscope, the barometer, and the thermometer, had all been invented or popularised, and the gaze and thoughts of Europeans were turned upon Nature. The existence and beneficence of God, hitherto identified by revelation and confirmed by reason, were now ostensibly demonstrable in the starry heavens and wherever the impressive order of natural processes was accessible to observation. Accordingly, an inviting and perhaps inevitable next step in the following century, the eighteenth, was for the credentials of Christianity to be called in question, and there arose what Dr. Johnson calls 'that Old Bailey theology, in which the apostles are tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery'. Between the publication of Montesquieu's *Persian Letters* in 1721 and that of Lessing's *Hamburg Dramaturgy* in 1768 deism was successfully put into fashion. The warnings of Montaigne and Pascal against overestimating the human power of ratiocination went unheeded, and in a surge of self-worship men deified their reason. But—as, with an abundance of apt illustration, M. Hazard proceeds to show—the newly adopted beliefs soon betrayed inconsistency, contradiction, and even incoherence. Paris ceased to be the centre of European culture. In the minds of the multitude the effect of deism was to numb all sense of the divine. In the minds of the elect there appeared an insatiable restlessness, and no sooner was some solution to a momentous question propounded than another was sought. The rays of the Enlightenment spread disintegration.

As remote from Marx as from John Richard Green, the story of the eighteenth century which M. Hazard unfolds is nevertheless in outline familiar. What constitutes the charm and fascination of his lightly carried learning and sharp, darting pen is the detail. Confident that Jansenism weakened those defences of the Church which it professed to strengthen, he yet suggests that Rome condemned it rashly, for its obdurate austerity may well have been the last obstacle in the way of the hedonist and mechanical philosophies that now carried the day. Or he contrasts poor Calas broken on the wheel for a heresy murder of which, thanks to Voltaire, he was posthumously absolved, with the sleek and sociable Baron d'Holbach dispensing atheism in complete immunity. He disavows advancing any theories of how the ideas whose fortunes he records were inter-related and how they influenced one another; he claims to have confined himself altogether to facts. But of course he is not as cold-blooded as that. The irony of his treatment of Voltaire and Adam Smith, or of Maria Theresa, is better than delusive impartiality. His picture of M. de Malesherbes, that inverted Senator McCarthy of an age less bigoted than ours, unduly emphasises the man's taste for the subversive. In warning Rousseau of imminent arrest, Malesherbes merely behaved like a gentleman, but he could not have assisted the suppression of Rousseau's books, which was the doing of the Parlement.

Here are inexhaustible entertainment and instruction, and if any reader knew as much as the author knows there would also be no

doubt an endless opportunity for dispute. Alas, the feast must prove too rich; English readers will be liable to lose their bearings. Who, for instance, is the Asmodeus who at the beginning of the first chapter is snatching the roofs off houses and peering inside? We willingly believe that everybody in France has read Lesage, but many of us over here have not even heard of him. There and elsewhere Mr. Lewis May—whose translation commendably mimics the delights of the original—might have supplied a few footnotes. Even so, the book would be one to nibble at again and again rather than to try to swallow at a sitting.

## Freedom of the Parish. By Geoffrey Grigson. Phoenix House. 21s.

In his autobiography, *The Crest on the Silver*, Mr. Geoffrey Grigson described the circumstances of his birth and upbringing in the Cornish village of Pelynt, of which his father was vicar. In the present book he writes in much greater detail about the local and natural history of that parish, intending, among other things, to draw out the significance of the sense of 'belonging' to a place which many men have felt, and which others, Mr. Grigson believes, are the poorer for not having felt.

Mr. Grigson does not claim that Pelynt is a representative English parish; on the contrary, there are hints that, being Cornish, it is not English at all. He does not even say that it is an exceptionally beautiful village, though readers may be assured that it is very much more attractive than the dismal photographs which illustrate this book suggest. Primarily, Mr. Grigson has not set out to make other people interested in Pelynt. His theme is that of a man's relationship to his own parish. Mr. Grigson did not choose Pelynt; he simply found himself there, and grew up to love it. He loved especially the wild life of its surrounding countryside, and he writes of the birds and plants and animals he studied there as a boy with an eloquence not unworthy of Gilbert White himself. In particular, his chapter on buzzards and his account of fishing at night will be gratefully remembered.

For the most part Mr. Grigson is more interesting on natural history than he is on local history, and one cannot help suspecting that whereas he would be excited by buzzards, for example, anywhere, he could not bring himself to care very much about the worthies of other parishes. His chapter on the Baronets of Pelynt is almost dull. Almost, but not quite; for there is something oddly compelling about the freshness and sincerity with which he approaches all his subjects. The defects of the book are literary. There are puzzling lapses from time to time into careless and even into ungrammatical writing.

## Petworth Manor in the Seventeenth Century. By Lord Leconfield.

Oxford. 25s.

'Every manor', it has been said 'is a kingdom in little'. Lord Leconfield's book provides an admirable illustration of this dictum, particularly as his material consists of one of the most complete collections of manorial records, namely, that preserved in the muniment room at Petworth House. The chapters include an account of the activities of the manor—its jurisdiction over freehold and customary tenants; its function as aleet, which was not unlike modern police

administration; then follows an account of the lord's demesne, in which mining rights were leased at substantial rents. Petworth is on the Weald, a part of England which until well into the eighteenth century was an important source of iron-work and cannon. These iron-works are described in chapter five, which also includes an account of the mills. The copyholds have a chapter to themselves, and here the author provides much valuable information about a type of agricultural holding, now extinct, but for long characteristic of England before the days of large-scale production. The volume concludes with a 'sketch' of Petworth, in which Lord Leconfield makes what he calls a 'casual' tour of the neighbourhood, in order to link buildings, fields, and streets with their antecedents; indeed, it is in this intimate correlation of present with past that the value of the book consists.

A study such as this, with its abundance of out-of-the-way information throws some light on one of the fundamentals of English civilisation; because here we have, in full vigour, throughout the seventeenth century, an essential part of a system which, we are often assured, had come to an end in the sixteenth. Some people indeed would be surprised to learn that tenure by copyhold—a method of land-holding which dates from late medieval times—was not extinguished until the nineteen-twenties; and, so far as any historical personage can claim to have abolished the 'feudal system', that honour is due not to Henry VIII but to the late Lord Birkenhead. Nor is this matter unimportant, because in English history, very few things are 'abolished'; they just linger on, to die naturally or even gracefully. A manorial structure survived in many parts of England, and was still active in the seventeenth century, when only part of the country was enclosed, and the open fields provided for a communal, self-sufficing type of subsistence, under the direction of the manor. In those days, most offences were agricultural offences; so the manor, among its many activities, combined the duties now divided between the police and local agricultural committees. Anyone who wishes to see the system in actual practice should read Lord Leconfield's interesting and well-illustrated book.

## Portrait of Josephine Butler

By A. S. G. Butler. Faber. 21s.

The author of this book, a grandson of its subject, seems in his preface to be rather diffident about its purpose, and comes to the final conclusion that it is a water-colour sketch. This judgement is more or less correct; it is not a Life superseding earlier ones, but a series of episodic chapters beginning with the deep impressions which Josephine Butler, as an old lady, made upon a sensitive child. Mr. Butler's command of his own language is not very certain; nevertheless, such is his feeling for his grandmother—and such, too, the quality of that same grandmother's personality—that the book is easy to read and paints its picture unmistakably.

'Contagious Diseases Acts', think most people on hearing Josephine Butler's name—and leave it at that, merely, perhaps adding the reflection that in an age where a respectable trade union sacked Robert Applegarth from its secretaryship for daring to join a Royal Commission on the subject, she had a strange taste in 'Causes', and a good deal of pluck. Pluck, undoubtedly, she had—and a tribute on that score must not be withheld from her husband, Canon Butler, who



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supported her steadily throughout not only in her public campaign, but when she took 'fallen women' into her house at Liverpool, when he was a headmaster there—but she had many other qualities as well. She was a devoted Christian, who believed simply and straightforwardly in miracles of healing and in the power and properties of prayer; but though a staunch Protestant, she was no fanatic. She accepted the position of the Pope realistically; and by using 'the proper channels' induced His Holiness to issue a pronouncement on the lines she wished. She had a strong sense of humour, enjoyed the little things of life as well as the great ones, and was capable of becoming humanly irritated at pain and frustration—and of recognising her irritation for what it was. Finally, she was a judge of men, and not dazzled by their high position; she noted, for example, the guilelessness of Garibaldi which made him a prey to intrigues, and of Gladstone she wrote in 1905:

I believe Mr. Gladstone was a man of very pure private life, an old-fashioned family man. I am sure of that. But O! how faulty in judgment! Stuart said to me one day that Gladstone could never see a question rightly until he was kicked into it.

It would be a pity if so vital a character were turned into a stiff plaster saint; this pleasant sketch should help to prevent it.

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**Sartre. By Iris Murdoch.**

**Bowes and Bowes. 6s. each.**

The series to which these books belong is an admirable project which suffers from its presentation. The books could still be slim and pocketable in a less minuscule format. The main type is neat enough to wrinkle the sight of all but the gimlet-eyed, and that in which bibliography and notes are printed almost calls for a watchmaker's lens. A particular drawback, this, in the case of studies which necessarily involve concentrated exposition and summary. The present contributions exemplify opposite ways of approaching their subject. Miss Starkie's essay is a straightforward synopsis of the works as they followed each other, interspersed with summary of the author's life, character, and development. This is a safe, if not very rewarding, way of approaching a writer of world-wide influence whose works now await a fresh valuation. A brief résumé of an output so vast necessarily takes on a routine quality. Miss Starkie's assessment of Gide's personality comes more to life, and she is fair and judicious in her treatment of what was the hidden crux of his personal fate, his relationship with his wife and cousin, Madeleine Gide. Her final verdict on the man and the writer has an obituary quality which takes away conviction, but she touches on a vital trait in noting that 'he feared the accusation of hypocrisy more than any other . . . There is no humility in Gide's frankness, but pride, pride that he is able to admit what others do not reveal'. This, after all, was the central springboard of the Gidean impulse.

Miss Murdoch's is a rounded essay in valuation, analysing and interpreting its subject's position and production as a whole. Readers who want ready reference, tabulation, synopsis of all the writer's works, regardless of merit, may be irritated, but reward should replace irritation when they begin to apply the essayist's findings for themselves. Few contemporaries, nominally as famous as Sartre, are less widely read in this country, and few have been more volubly explained. As a rule one cannot see the Sartrean wood for the philosophical trees that have been planted in it. Miss Murdoch is sufficiently well equipped to disentangle her subject from his formative influences, and gives a con-

vincing assessment of his own personal contribution. In order to do so with economy she has had to limit her conspectus of his already immense and miscellaneous output (in sixteen years he has produced a greater bulk of writing than many a long life-time) to a concentrated study of the main novels, *La Nausée* and *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, and the main philosophical-critical works, *L'Être et le Néant* and *Qu'est-ce que la Littérature?*

It is impossible to summarise her study in a few lines. Perhaps she touches on Sartre's central weakness and strength when she comes to his ambiguous conception of freedom 'as a fever and as a discipline'. The 'fever' of *La Nausée* is a chaotic tension fortuitously resolved. The 'discipline' of the later writings has a forward reference which has never been made clear. Sartre tries to solve the dilemma simply by insisting on it, on 'the absolute nature of the individual even if he is without hope, and the sacredness of reason even if it is fruitless'. As a solipsistic rationalist Sartre made his really forceful contribution to creative writing in his first novel and in '*Huis Clos*'. His inability to continue with equal effect is not 'a tragic symptom of a situation which afflicts us all'. It is more likely a case of conflict between rationalism and the creative imagination. The suggestion that drama is his real *métier*, and the plausible comparison with Shaw, will not explain away the weakness of '*Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*', which, to an English audience, can only seem like 'Saint Joan' turned upside down and badly written. But however much one may disagree on details and in drawing conclusions, the interested reader should find this study amply rewarding both for its general reflections on the thought—and the bewilderment—of our time, and for its real illumination of its subject.

### Power in Trade Unions

**By V. L. Allen. Longmans. 25s.**

*Industrial Democracy* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, published at the turn of the century, was the last analysis of the workings of the trade-union movement in Britain. Since then the trade unions have assumed one of the most powerful positions in the state, politically and industrially. Frequently it is suggested that trade-union leadership is out of touch with the rank and file; that policy decisions are taken against the views of the majority of members. This excellent book by a student of trade-union activities corrects many illusions and provides important material for the understanding of the trade-union movement.

Mr. Allen concludes that trade unions in Britain are both dictatorial and democratic. Leadership is exercised to a large extent by general secretaries who are either installed for life or who are difficult to remove by electoral process. The check against abuses of authority is the weight of feeling among the members—who may not attend branch meetings in large numbers but who demand satisfaction in quality of representation in return for their union dues. As Mr. Deakin remarked in 1952 to a Scottish Delegate Conference of the Transport and General Workers Union, the largest trade union in the world, ' . . . you have evidently concluded that I am a fit and proper person to act on your behalf in so far as you have not brought my services to an end, as you are entitled to do at any time. . . . Let me say . . . with very great emphasis, that I cannot and will not be a cipher . . . ' The most valuable parts of the book are those which discuss the way in which trade-union leaders are selected, the qualifications they must have and the means by which they can be dismissed. Mr. Allen has compiled a complete guide to the constitutions, deliberative processes, and method of working of all the trade unions affiliated to the Trade Union Congress. This

book, for the first time, gives adequate up to date information about the most solidly entrenched and comprehensive trade-union movement in the world, as well as containing thoughtful and stimulating discussion on the political and social implications of the power of the unions.

### Adult Education. Why this Apathy?

**By Ernest Green.**

**Allen and Unwin. 15s.**

### From School to University

**By R. R. Dale.**

**Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.**

Some of the less predictable consequences of Mr. Butler's Act have begun to show themselves in developments above the statutory school-leaving age. Thus one of the saddest results of the extension of popular education has been the spread of what Dr. Green, in perhaps a question-begging way, calls 'apathy' in the adult education movement, especially in the province of the wage-earning section on which the founders once concentrated and to which attention continually needs to be redirected. These two books, timely in their presentation, are both concerned to examine the weaknesses attributable to defects of organisation in the higher reaches of our education services. The conclusions in each case go beyond the analysis of statistics and merit attention because they rest in part on case studies of individuals and groups planned by men of experience. They present examples of techniques in a range of good and rather less good methods in a field in which 'values' and subjective judgments predominate and measurable entities are difficult to muster.

Dr. Green's assignment, to be sure, looks the simpler of the two, but his management of it is less deftly contrived than that of Mr. Dale; and the latter finally emerges with the more useful conclusions. Dr. Green's massive and unquestioned knowledge of adult teaching derives from his work as General Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association. This might have been expected to give greater illumination to his treatment of the decline of keenness at the consumer end in the movement he has served. Certainly a great variety of interesting viewpoints comes under review. But, committing an elementary mistake in reader-psychology, the author fails to let us see the text of the two questionnaires that were the mainstay of the structure of inquiry; and this notebook of tables and observations—it is really little more than a notebook—is bound to be something of a disappointment to the members of a hundred W.E.A. branches and numerous individual contributors who worked to furnish material on their aims, methods, and current needs, and would probably welcome an answer, were one provided, to perhaps the most interesting question of all: how explain the remarkable shift of emphasis from the once-fashionable social-science subjects of adult study, notably descriptive economics, to 'cultural' subjects like musical appreciation?

One of Dr. Green's chief criticisms of present trends is expressed in his italicised conclusion, 'adult education must begin in school'. Whether he is entitled to pass the buck in this fashion may be questioned. But the implication that education is indivisible is a recognition of a truth which can easily be overlooked; and because Mr. Dale, in his examination of the frontier between secondary school and university is concerned above all else with the considerations which are proper to both, his review of the causes underlying undergraduate successes and failures will be valued. Part of the book's considerable merit is that it assembles in a clear manner the results of numerous recent inquiries made in the U.S.A., in Australia and New





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Zealand, in England and Scotland and (by the author himself) in the University College of Swansea on the predictive value of various admission procedures. Mr. Dale understands the provincial student and his problems; his information looks fresh and human and it is sympathetically handled.

It was not altogether unexpected that the enlarged provision of university places since the war and the early difficulties created by the presence of certain contradictory principles within the new General Certificate of Education would lead to misgivings about the ways in which the student body of our universities was being recruited. Mr. Dale thinks the new certificate will prove to be a blunter instrument in the assessment of probable attainment in the university than the School Certificate it has replaced. The fact that the typical undergraduate is nowadays a 'scholarship' entrant to the realms of higher learning, sponsored by his local authority with a draft on public funds, has significantly affected what may be called the theory of student selection; and in view of the unprecedented struggle for the available places and of the disposition of several universities to shunt the preliminary studies of the conditioning year into the sixth forms of schools, the new situation has caused everyone concerned with university policy to ask himself questions about the prognostic value of the tests of competence and knowledge which now govern admissions. It is clear enough that some who really deserve consideration are crowded out by less worthy but more plausible claimants. Failures, it seems, are due far less to low mental ability than to lack of staying power.

But Mr. Dale believes that the written examination, the traditional test of intellectual quality even if no sure touchstone of perseverance, will, if well standardised—and there are today alarming variations among certificate-granting bodies—hold its own. Given certain provisos, it may, he claims, be depended upon absolutely for the selection of candidates for university admission in the upper brackets. For the candidates shown by written papers to be on or near the borderline, the I.Q., because of its sharper powers of negative discrimination, is a better predictor. And further, if headmasters could somehow acquire a higher degree of standardisation, their reports too would assist the admission dean in making his decisions at this critical level. The least valuable of all the known grading techniques is shown to be the single interview. The moral seems to be that far more use of school-report material, supplemented by those modern types of intelligence and aptitude testing which dons in general distrust, would eliminate more of the unfit before admission and lead to a more economical utilisation of university resources. But is such utilisation the final criterion? Mr. Dale is unfortunately at his weakest when considering the purposes of the university; but his observations on the perils and hazards of undergraduate working conditions and on the need for more thorough guidance by supervisors, are, though sometimes commonplace, worth attention, because they are based not on the triumphs of the successful but on a patient study of failures which in happier circumstances might not have happened.

### English Children's Books, 1600-1900.

By Percy Muir. Batsford. 42s.

This sumptuous volume, full of delightful illustrations, suffers from a divided purpose. Mr. Muir is a notable collector of children's books: and as long as he speaks frankly as a collector and bibliophile—displaying the points of a book, or pausing for an anecdote about an author, publisher, or illustrator—he is interesting and entertaining. It is instructive to hear him quote

from a little-known seventeenth-century book:

What pity such a pretty maid  
As I should go to Hell!

It is amusing to learn that Ballantyne's *Young Fur Traders* originally appeared as *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*; and agreeably horrifying to read of the predicament of two Victorian writers of bloods for boys. A desperate editor, 'waiting vainly for copy . . . traced them to Margate where they were detained in their room by reason of having pawned all their clothes, pinned up in sheets and writing for dear life'.

But Mr. Muir's purpose is to write a history of children's books from 1600 to 1900, and this means making judgments of value on the books. For this he is not well equipped, and his generalisations on particular authors (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Molesworth are 'namby-pamby' writers) contrast with the precision of his references to publishers and printers. He is facetious about *The Fairchild Family* and *Sandford and Merton* without enlightening us as to why they kept their hold on children for so long. But if children's books are to be made the subject of a study on this scale, they should be taken seriously. This does not mean cutting out all the fun, but it does mean a serious attempt to relate them to contemporary views about children and their education, to assess purpose as well as subject-matter, language as well as appearance. There are, for example, some words on the pagination of the Beatrix Potter books, but no consideration of the question why her animal stories have an imaginative force that her imitators have failed to achieve.

Mr. Muir's book gives us, through its pictures, an admirable idea of the look of many old children's books: and in its text, a miscellany of information about their format, and circumstances of publication. But on questions of their purpose, quality and effect, it in no way supersedes Harvey Darton's *Children's Books in England*.

### A Village in Anatolia. By Mahmut Makal.

Translated from the Turkish by Sir Wyndham Deedes.

Valentine Mitchell. 18s.

The Anatolian peasant, oppressed and exploited under the sultans, is honoured by modern Turkey as the backbone of the state and the embodiment of the national virtues. He has benefited much from an enlightened social policy which provides him with schools and village institutes and health services, and his wealth is said to have increased considerably during the war years. A picture much at variance with official propaganda is presented by Mahmut Makal, a young schoolmaster of peasant origin, whose realistic sketches describe a community as poverty-stricken, disease-ridden and backward as they were under the Ottoman empire. Written under a deep sense of disillusionment at the contrast between promise and fulfilment they have attracted much attention, and the first reaction of the authorities was to accuse the writer of subversive tendencies. Enlightened opinion, however, has vindicated his sincerity, and hailed him as a writer of talent and distinction. He describes every-day things with cool detachment and a directness of style which is impressive even in its English dress, and his technique strikes a new note in Turkish literature.

The translation by Sir Wyndham Deedes is admirable, and the story is worth reading as much for its human interest as for the light it sheds on the conflict between the forces of tradition and innovation in an essentially conservative society. Dr. Paul Stirling who edits the volume is somewhat unduly apprehensive that Makal's revelations might induce English readers to misjudge the Turkish people or to belittle the results

of their social policy. He has omitted certain passages 'wishing to prevent misunderstandings which might arise in the minds of readers unfamiliar with Turkey', and he has provided a running commentary in which the author is taxed with a tendency to exaggerate and to generalise from isolated facts. Features of village life which might offend the susceptibilities of western readers are not, we are told, typical of all Anatolia, and they are in any case disappearing rapidly. Anatolian peasants do wash, and their methods of sanitation are not as primitive as depicted. They are not really verminous because 'DDT has been effective in reducing the insect population', and so forth. When every allowance has been made enough remains to show that the task of the reformer and social worker is still formidable, and that the means at their disposal are often woefully inadequate. The chapters on religious beliefs and practices are particularly revealing: they show that the anti-clerical bias of official Turkey has made little impression in the villages. The peasants have exchanged the turban or skull-cap for an unbecoming form of western headgear, but many of them prefer the traditional Koran schools to the new-fangled secular schools, and the Dervish fraternities which are officially suppressed still exercise a strong influence. Atatürk's ideal of a laicized state is far from being realised in practice.

### Good General Practice: A Report of a Survey. By Stephen Taylor. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

This book is of importance because it deals with a matter of vital concern to everybody, the welfare and efficiency of the general practitioner. Without doubt he is the most important person in the medical profession and if his work were to become shoddy, the efficiency of the whole medical service would be imperilled. It has to be admitted that the recent Health Act has tended to increase rather than to reduce his difficulties and there are pessimists who foretell a lowering of the standard of medical practice. The Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust made a wise decision, therefore, when it invited Dr. Stephen Taylor to make a non-statistical survey of a number of practices run by general practitioners who were regarded by their colleagues as being good doctors. They believed that such a survey would not only reveal the present situation but would indicate to the authorities how practitioners could best be helped in their all important work.

This book is the record of Dr. Taylor's excellent survey. Fortunately, the author writes crisply and interestingly and not in the pompous and prosy manner adopted by so many medical and scientific writers. We learn from him that a quarter of all general practitioners do exceptionally good work, that a quarter of them reach a much lower standard of medicine either because they lack the necessary equipment and ability or else because they are over-worked, whilst the remaining half of the sum-total of general practitioners can be looked on as being thoroughly competent, reliable and conscientious workers.

Dr. Taylor's book provides very useful information on such subsidiary subjects as the nature of the doctors' work, how best to organise group practices, how to set up a satisfactory rota system for doctors and what equipment the general practitioner needs. This information should be of the greatest value not only to all general practitioners, but also to the Ministry of Health whose duty it is to provide doctors with the necessary tools. It is doubtful whether any other book of this size and satisfactory turn-out could be purchased at the present time for the modest sum of twelve shillings and sixpence.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Television Tummy

RESUMING the livery of the laborious week at the end of a recent medical overhaul for routine's sake, I asked Wimpole Street whether it had any television victims among its patients. The reply was that habitual viewing is apparently causing an increase of alimentary disturbances. Examples were cited to show that the metabolic mechanism does not easily adapt itself to the combination of food at seven with television at eight; the word 'imbalance' was used. I have known one or two suspected casualties, for each of whom there are deep ranks of viewers who would vow that for them, indigestion or not, television has added to the pleasures of life. 'Television tummy', I fear, will become a colloquial affliction, too. Memo. to the Editor of THE LISTENER: may I have danger money, please?

Somewhere about the beginning of the year, the inquiry was put out here, in a tone of amiable curiosity, why viewers had to turn to their radio sets to hear the news, why television should not have its own news service? Modesty being the watchword, there was no suggestion that the idea was novel or exclusive. 'No doubt thought has been given to the future development of television's news resources', in which was expressed all the conviction that could be mustered for the occasion.

My bump of prescience swelled (invisibly, I trust) on learning last week that the B.B.C. has agreed that 'the time has come to start giving news on television' *vide* the Director-General's statement. *En passant*, it was distressing to find him using the term 'coverage' in referring to the plans for a television news bulletin. I would not wish to class him with the literary agent who wrote to me: 'Please indicate the wordage of the articles you are writing . . .'. Taking note of the B.B.C.'s decision to do something about television news, *The Times* last Friday intoned majestically on the subject of 'its tremendous social implications for the future'.

If a certain sonorousness has thus been imparted to an entirely logical move, the question may be asked whether television has surrendered

what should be an important part of its autonomy in making its news service a responsibility of the B.B.C. news division. That department, over the years, has achieved an unrivalled reputation for veracity and with it an unchallenged standard of dullness in presenting the news. As for 'Television Newsreel', it is to go.

Many viewers will be sorry about that. The newsreel has far too often required them to watch people getting in and out of aeroplanes and, in fact, it has rarely given us news, which does not always wait on the arrival of cameras to record it. Limited as it was, the newsreel has more often than not been worth looking at and seldom has it been abjectly dull, like the news bulletins of sound-only.

One of my private hopes for television has been that it would develop an unorthodox news service which would not exist by the pretence that there is enough news to justify a quarter of an hour's chattering into a microphone every evening; that if there was no news, it would say so; that it would not simply ignore but proudly transcend the mindless daily momentum. Vain dream! The B.B.C. news machine is taking charge and viewers must either like it or lump it, with or without benefit of bits of film or, 'when this is not possible, still photographs', quoting the Director-General again. The new arrangements begin next week, too late to announce what for some viewers will have been a lesser eclipse.

Last week's television was dominated by Wimbledon tennis and world football. Reserving



As seen by the viewer in 'The World is Ours: Hope for the Hungry' on June 21: child in a food queue, and a satisfied child



From 'The Parade of Ommerganck', on June 24: a scene from the parade, and stilt walkers

John Cura

the right to complain that at Wimbledon the ball is more often imagined than seen, I agree that the transmissions were efficient and, for the real followers of the game, undoubtedly satisfying as a substitute for being there. The fact remains that television has not yet shown itself capable of doing tennis full justice. The football from Switzerland was a further reminder of television's possibly insuperable limitation, that we can see only what the camera sees. I enjoyed watching the match against Uruguay, at which the referee was flouted, the police had brisk moments, and England lost the game but not the respect of the Swiss. Kenneth Wolstenholme's commentaries were always helpful.

Of the week's studio activities, the Aga Khan made a great success of his 'Press Conference', proving beyond doubt that, unlike some other human qualities, good nature triumphantly survives the manifold processes by which the pictures come to us. But Fleet Street should watch 'Press Conference'. Interviewers who test good nature too severely are not popular with the public. Such a programme was valuable in correcting one's judgement of the second-rate personalities who have won television renown. That was also the lesson of the anniversary programme from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was refreshing to see and hear such exponents of human presence as Athene Seyler, Iris Hoey, Ruby Miller, and Violet Farebrother.

Charming pictures came to us from Belgium in 'The Parade of Ommerganck'; fascinating dance rhythms, too.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Three Sisters

'WHERE ARE the cosh boys, Masha?' 'Down at the local watching Chekhov'. Did I dream this, or really overhear it? At any rate I cannot refrain from wondering greatly that a playwright



'Press Conference', June 22: the guest speaker, the Aga Khan, being interviewed by (left to right) H. V. Hodson, Francis Williams, John Connell, and William Clark





A scene from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' on June 25: Amy Shuard as Santuzza and Raymond Nilsson as Turiddu

thought, as little as a quarter of a century ago, to be the province of a crazy clique of wilfully obscurantist highbrows, whom to admire was to be automatically ridiculous, is now holiday fare for the millions. When Henry Arthur Jones first saw 'The Cherry Orchard', he thought it the transcript of talk in a lunatic asylum. 'Three Sisters' is still in some quarters thought of as 'gloomy' not to say morbid. I think the B.B.C. probably had a good many telephone calls from constitutional 'Gawd-sakers', as Wells once called them. Nevertheless the fact remains: 'Three Sisters' was put on, and in such a way that not everyone, even the died-in-the-wool Chekhovian, was put off.

After the eternal pit-pat of Wimbledon and the dazzling excitements of the Willesden regatta, 'Three Sisters' came on our screen like a benediction. Let me say, straight away, that the parts were better than the whole but that some parts I greatly enjoyed. Indeed, of all the Vershinins I have seen, and not excluding Sir John Gielgud's, I should say Paul Rogers' first entry was the best performance of the scene I have experienced. It was brilliantly done, and the response of the daughters of the late colonel, too, was perfectly managed—especially Rosalie Crutchley's Masha, meeting Vershinin's eye boldly, knowingly, thinking: 'At last, someone who isn't a provincial'. Indeed I enjoyed the whole of the first act greatly—the essential difficulty of playing Chekhov on television had not up to the end of that act impinged seriously. For the first act is really two-dimensional: to 'cut', in this scene, from one face to another in the 'logical' way in which a cinema camera cuts from speaker's face to listener's does no damage at this early stage to Chekhov's counterpoint. The groups were admirably composed. The movement set up no rhythms at variance with the lovely shape and fall of the Constance Garnett translation—poetically so much more true to the original than many a subsequent transcription.

But, presently, it began to emerge that this more-or-less cinematic manner of cutting just will not bring out the full Chekhov. There are so many scenes finely orchestrated, as it were, by silences, unconscious looks, unspoken thoughts, from a whole collection of different people which must all 'sound' at once if the right chord is to be struck. To pounce on this character or that, to show us in a flash what his or her reaction to such and such a remark has been, is like getting the instrumentalists in an orchestra to stand up and illustrate their particular parts.

The other trouble comes, of course, from Chekhov's use of silence which has so deeply affected all drama since he wrote. Those little pools of silence into which the pebble drops, spreading slowly dissolving ripples: these are of the essence of Chekhovian production, even though certain Chekhov producers overdo the Angel Passing trick so badly that the character's own boredom is transmitted to us. But the ability to make a real *lunga pausa* is as necessary as it is for music: the whole of music would seem meaningless if one did not feel behind it the possibility of arresting it at any given point. So with Chekhov, and unless the screen can safely be left in a state of quiescence you will never be able to savour the exquisite beauty of the bedroom scene, with Olga's sleepy voice dying away and Irina between yawns announcing how she has made up her mind to marry the Baron.

This third act, with its comings and goings is deliciously funny, too; but then comings and goings on a stage are one thing; entries and exits from a screen quite another. Here, the humour was entirely lost and from that point the play began to give less and less pleasure. The extraordinary sense of waiting for the thunderclap which marks a good stage performance of the fourth act was not transmitted; somehow a screen cannot do that. A cinema camera would I suppose 'cut in' shots of the 'waiting' trees, a visual representation of Nature herself holding her breath for that moment when the regimental band is heard in the distance and Masha runs desperately, helplessly miserable, into Vershinin's arms.

I would count the moment where Irina says good-bye to Baron Tusenbach, for the last time without knowing it, as one of the most moving strokes of all dramatic irony. Robert Beaumont and Clare Austin were good but, somehow, one was not moved as one should have been: I suggest, because the lovely echo effect had been missed a little earlier in the scene. It all hangs together. So, too, the celebrated false-beard



A scene from 'Three Sisters': Clare Austin as Irina, Douglas Wilmer as Captain Solyony, and Walter Fitzgerald as Ivan Romanitch Tchebutykin



'Three Sisters', on June 27, with (left to right) Clare Austin as Irina, Margot van der Burgh as Olga, and Rosalie Crutchley as Masha

passage: though Walter Hudd as Kuligin is admirable, I know. Still, all in all, Harold Clayton has much to be proud of. And many players, too—Margot van der Burgh, Walter Fitzgerald and Douglas Wilmer—deserve mention besides those referred to already.

Of two other things I have no space now to speak: one was Arthur Askey's 'Hallo Play-mates' which turned up surprisingly during Evensong from All Souls: if *that* isn't entertainment I don't know what is. The other is someone called Uncle Lima who turned up in Mr. Foa's 'Cavalleria Rusticana' to tell us the time. *Buona sera, zio Lima!*

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Larger than Life

A DRAMA of the Incas? By all means; but what did I know about them? Very little: scraps of Prescott; a legend or two; and—most unhelpful—the Kotzebue-Sheridan 'Pizarro' that reminded Leigh Hunt of 'a tall, spouting gentleman in tinsel'. And I had almost forgotten a book by Henty that, though it was an uncommonly good anodyne during convalescence at the age of ten, was hardly historical. Still, the unknown had to be faced: drawing my tattered cloak about me, I tuned in to the Third and entered the land of the Incas during the reign of Pachacútec.

The drama was called 'Apu Ollántay', probably the survival of an Inca play from the end of the fifteenth century. I had expected a curiosity. I found a world vivid under the worshipped sun that burnished a land behind the ranges: a world that glowed and shone in colours and metals, carmine, violet, blue, and gold. It was odd to listen, on a rain-dashed evening in N.W.3, to a tale of Andean warriors, despotic rulers, princesses dungeon-bound through ten years for the sin of sacrilegious love. In outline it



sounds operatic, or like one of the lesser extravaganzas of a Jacobean dramatist. But (to coin a phrase) what does a plot signify except to bring in fine things? There are fine things enough in this romantic drama. It began like 'dim drums throbbing, in the hills half-heard'; it moved, for me, to a flare of colour and sound, and ended in the harmonies of a scene that, as D. G. Bridson, the producer, reminded us, had a certain affinity with the end of 'The Winter's Tale'. The play showed once more what can be done with proper names (Mr. Bridson, who raised the clans in 'The March of the Forty-Five', should know about that). Here the names, Apu Ollántay, Pachacútec, Túpac Yupanqui, and the rest, were voiced majestically: splendour followed them. I shall remember Norman Wooland's tenderness as he said, 'Come back to the shelter of Ollántay', but no one faltered: Mary Wimbush as the royal maiden in living death; Marjorie Westbury as the daughter (by a stretch of the imagination, Perdita to Hermione); Norman Shelley as one of the sovereign Incas; Valentine Dyall as Chorus. J. A. Camacho had put the play into sonorous phrases ('As a cloud of condors they fell upon their enemies'). It was another evening in which sound radio could light a bonfire in the imagination.

I wish I could say that about 'To Let Furnished' (Home), one of the 'utility' plays—taken from a novel—that radio has to 'make do' with now and then. A self-pitying woman leases a Dorset house (almost at random) for three months. Presently she faints in the church while the vicar is showing her round. With reason, for there on the wall is a memorial tablet to her first husband, whom she had married in Australia, and who had been drowned at sea. At this stage the novelist and the radio-dramatist, laughing self-consciously, dragged us up the glassy slabs of the tallest of stories. Presently I fell with a crash and lay bruised, hearing excited chatter from the slopes above. There was a word about bigamy, and another about heart attacks. The heroine used a transatlantic telephone call to tell her husband, expensively, that she loved him. And I clutched at two disconnected remarks, 'Mrs. Gosden helped me to lay her out', and 'His eyelids closed at last upon the world'. From the chaos emerged a sincere performance by Joan Sander-son and the 'dead-pan' voice of Ella Milne.

We returned to the grand manner in 'Captain Edward Riou' (Home). Without heroics, Ludovic Kennedy called up one of the bravest of Nelson's captains—a man who for me had been only a name from Campbell's poem, 'the gallant good Riou'. He was killed when in command of the Frigate Squadron at the Battle of Copenhagen. In the radio production the battle thundered around us; Nelson put the telescope to his blind eye; Riou fell 'on the deck of fame'. This was all plausibly managed. Then, having, as it were, brought home his warrior dead, Mr. Kennedy took us back to an earlier adventure of Riou on a voyage towards New South Wales. The tale left us in admiration of a sailor who had no master but Nelson; a man who (with his mingling of pride and humility) will mean much more in future than four words in a patriotic verse. Andrew Cruickshank acted him without fuss.

Riou might have applauded the service, on land, of Lieutenant Anthony Spencer. 'You'll Be Shot Tomorrow' (Light), eleventh of the 'Suspense' series, took us over northern Italy with this escaping prisoner-of-war after, bootless, he had 'jumped' a train *en route* to Germany. In due course—a trite little phrase that covers months of peril—he met a nicely understated British officer who murmured casually (no grand manner here), 'Welcome to Yugoslavia'. Even then, there was still some way to go. Another good programme—with Frank

Duncan as Spencer—but I began to tire of the use of two voices, one expressing what Spencer thought, the other what he said.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Small Talk

LOOKING BACK on last week and the week before it seems to me that I have returned from an important conference in which I played the modest part of reporter. Conscientiously and unremittingly I had sat with ears and mind at full stretch, noting and quoting to the best of my ability, picking my humble way through the difficult problem of German rearmament. At last the rumble of a rising company, a squeaking and clattering of chairs pushed back and a mass movement to another room where, under the relaxing influence of tea and buns, there was a sudden outburst of small talk. My listening last week, in fact, was in sharp contrast to that of the week before. There was no large-scale programme; short talks were the order of the week, talks on a great variety of themes and equally various in the quality of their performance. And, once again, I was struck by the enormous importance of style and delivery in making a broadcast assimilable.

A bad broadcaster can turn the simplest theme into a dead weight which the listener simply can't carry, so that at the end he finds that he has brought nothing whatever away with him. Sheer boredom has plugged his ears. Contrariwise, the good broadcaster can make a dry or complicated theme so clear and attractive that the listener is not only enlightened but delighted—delighted by the deftness and brilliance of the speaker's presentation. His mind has been nourished and, more important still, his imagination stimulated. One of the most frequent causes of bad broadcasting is, I think, that the speaker is so swaddled in his script that he is quite unaware of his audience. 'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed'; they are merely fed up.

When I said, just now, that it was a week of small talk, I was referring to the length rather than the nature of the talks. All were short but most of them were on serious subjects. Nothing could have been more serious or better broadcast than Madame Anne Brusselmans' talk 'Awaiting Liberation', the second of the new series called 'Ten Years Back', in which she described the retreat of the Germans from Belgium. Her account of the ingenious devices by which the Belgians foiled the enemy in his attempt to transport a trainload of Belgian and other prisoners to Germany was thrilling. And not only that: one could feel, throughout, the speaker's warm human sympathies in the very tones of her voice.

It was the absence of any sense of warm human contact which compelled the listener to exert a conscious effort to follow Dr. Burton Paulu in 'Change of Air', a talk in which he compared American broadcasting with ours. Not that there were any obscurities: the mass of information was clearly presented and it was evident that Dr. Paulu had his subject at his finger-ends. What chilled the listener was that he was addressed with the impersonality of a pamphlet. Of course I don't insist that I should always be chatted to as an individual. I am equally pleased to be addressed as part of a large or small human unit. All I demand is that a communication more subtle than the merely auditory should take place, in fact, an inter-communication.

Sir Carleton Allen, Q.C., did not speak to me privately on the ticklish relation of 'Policeman and Suspect', the eighth instalment of that excellent series 'Law in Action', but he left me in no doubt that, all the time he was speak-

ing, his attention was fixed on the group, of which I formed one, to whom he was expounding, clearly, precisely, and without hurry this particular aspect of the law. He made it extraordinarily interesting. Professor R. C. Oldfield, by too dry a treatment and delivery, entirely failed to stir me about 'The Prospects of Experimental Psychology', in itself an exceedingly interesting subject. Several of the talks in this series have made me wish that psychologists would turn their private attention to the psychology of broadcasting as a means of mental stimulation. They might take some useful hints from Cecil J. Allen who made an exciting theme—'The Fastest Train on Earth'—doubly exciting by his dramatic description of how a French electric train at last achieved the glorious record of 151 miles an hour.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### The Covent Garden 'Ring'

THE FIRST WORD that must be said in this context about the broadcasts of 'The Ring' from the Royal Opera House is one of congratulation to the technicians responsible for the relay. The performances, as far as they have gone at the time of writing, have come over with exceptional vividness and clarity, and, although there were passages where I should have liked to hear more of the orchestra, the balance between stage and orchestra was generally good. The 'presentation' has also been well done, Mr. Newman's interesting and learned prefaces having much matter in them, to which it was well worth attending.

As this was also a serious attempt at a new production of the whole cycle in accordance with contemporary theatrical fashions—though I must remark that the practice of producing operas behind a gauze curtain in order to give an illusion of fantasy and a soft illumination to the scene was in vogue in Germany thirty years ago—this aspect of the performances deserves some comment. Leslie Hurry, the designer of the sets which often consist largely of 'projections' on the cyclorama, and Rudolf Hartmann, the producer, have contrived some notably beautiful and imaginative spectacles, the Rhine scenes in 'Das Rheingold' and 'Götterdämmerung' and the Valkyries' rock being conspicuously successful. The costumes are simple and of pleasing colour, though they seemed to me out of period, if one can assign a period to anything so vaguely defined in time as this saga—an effect emphasised by the cropped heads of the men and the neat *nouveau art* helmets affected by Wotan and the Valkyries. There was, by the way, too little armour.

Where much was so admirable, it was the more surprising to find some important points in the drama missed. One does not expect producers to adhere to the more impractical of Wagner's stage-directions, though on this occasion a very creditable effort was made to stage the final cataclysm in detail. But it is not impractical for Wotan to intervene physically in the fight between Siegmund and Hunding, nor can I see the point of showing us the latter's *Herd* and *Haus* as nothing more than a camp-fire in the open forest. This is an enclosed scene; we should feel that Siegmund is caught in a trap. Besides, we missed the magic opening of the doors and the moonlight flooding the scene.

Vocally the performances maintained a good, even level with only one or two outstanding achievements, and one (said to be due to indisposition and eliminated from the second cycle) which was definitely below the average. Were I giving prizes, I should be inclined to divide the first between Sylvia Fisher's splendid Sieglinde and Hermann Uhde's Gunther, a re-



markably fine piece of singing and characterisation in an unrewarding part which too often goes for little or nothing. But that would be to overlook the greater responsibilities of Margaret Harshaw and Set Svanholm, who added Siegmund to Siegfried without turning a hair. Miss Harshaw justified what I wrote of her on her first appearance here, when most of my colleagues were inclined to sniff. She is not yet a great Brünnhilde, but she has a fine and beautiful voice. When she can add a heroic 'edge' to her tone, and give more variety and subtlety to her phrasing, she may yet join her great predecessors in Walhall.

The new Wotan (Frantz) had a noble presence and voice, which unhappily gave out before the end of 'Die Walküre'. The two Nibelungs (Kraus and Kuen) were excellent and so was Langdon's Fafner, fearsomely made up in 'Rheingold' as an incipient dragon. The ensembles of Rhinemaidens, Valkyries, and Norns would have done credit to any opera-house, and Joan Sutherland's Valdvogel piped blithely and made itself clearly heard.

And the orchestra—that major partner in the majestic drama? I wish I could say that their playing under Fritz Stiedry's direction did justice to the music. But when one remembers

the phrasing of, say, the Sieglinde themes or Brünnhilde's clarinet melody on its first appearance of 'Götterdämmerung', so lovingly shaped when Walter or Beecham or Furtwängler were on this rostrum, one cannot but write the performance down as insensitive in detail. The grand proportions were well realised, though often the tempo, if not actually too slow, dragged for want of a strong rhythmical tension, and I had the impression that Wotan would have sounded less strained had he had more support from the orchestra in quiet passages and less volume to contend with in the loud ones.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Chamber Music of Dvořák

By RICHARD GORER

The first of ten recitals of Dvořák's chamber music will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.0 p.m. on Sunday, July 4.

THE language of criticism provides a more considerable vocabulary for blame than for praise; it is therefore best at the outset to recognise that, together with that of Brahms, Dvořák's chamber music output is the most considerable, both for quantity and quality, to be found between Beethoven and Bartók. This is not to suggest that other composers have not written works that are more considerable than Dvořák's in every combination, but Dvořák's corpus is so large that, in spite of numerous imperfections, it remains his most important contribution to music.

Among Dvořák's earlier works, which are still unpublished, are four string quartets and a piano quintet (in A major, like its great successor). These were ignored by the composer, with the exception of the fourth quartet, whose slow movement furnished the material for the Nocturne for string orchestra, Op. 40. This is somewhat symptomatic. Much of Dvořák's chamber music is reproached by purists for not being in the true chamber-music style: in particular the second Piano Quartet, the F minor Piano Trio, the C major String Quartet, Op. 60, and the String Quintet, Op. 97, are often accused of being orchestral in conception. To a certain extent this reproach may be justified: it is possible that Op. 97, at any rate, might be more effective if scored for a string orchestra, but I would say that his other works were definitely attached to their medium, though they may strive to enlarge it.

As far as Czech music was concerned the shackles of a 'true chamber-music style' had been loosened since Smetana had written over the viola part in the second movement of his E minor String Quartet the direction '*quasi tromba*'. In so doing Smetana had enlarged the scope of the string quartet, but he had not turned it into a miniature orchestra. It is one thing to suggest the presence of other instruments and another thing to require them. It will be found, I think, that the majority of Dvořák's 'orchestral' effects may strain the original medium, but the feeling for this medium remains constant.

Dvořák's whole chamber output is confined to strings and keyboard. When writing for the solo piano Dvořák's writing was usually somewhat unsatisfactory, but in the later chamber works—the two last trios, the Piano Quintet and Quartet—it is surprisingly effective. There is one exception to this generalisation and that is one of Dvořák's most original works, the sequence of six *dumky* which make up his Op. 90. To begin with, this Trio is unique in its formal layout, which was particularly suited to Dvořák's genius which did not run to a talent for large-scale formal organisation. Indeed, it is surprising that once Dvořák had found the

*dumka* he did not develop it further. The alternation of fast and slow tempi which characterises all but one of the *dumky* in Op. 90 is not an essential feature of the form: it is not found in the *dumky* for piano nor in the slow movements of the E flat Quartet and Piano Quintet. They are all quasi-improvisatory elegiac movements built on two contrasted melodies that are repeated and varied. Strict ternary form is not required.

It will be recognised that such a form was peculiarly suited to Dvořák and his idea of creating a work composed entirely of *dumky* was very happy. He has, however, carried it out somewhat oddly. One would have thought it self-evident that such a collection of loosely organised movements must have some unifying feature. This could have been achieved either by a logical scheme of tonal progression or in the employment of some theme or themes that remain constant. In the event we have neither: each movement is self-contained thematically. The tonal progression is normal as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The first four *dumky* form a group which goes from No. 1 in E minor and major, through C sharp minor and A major to D minor. Dvořák now asks for a longer pause and then proceeds to E flat major and C minor, in which key the Trio ends.

On *a priori* grounds one would assume that Dvořák had originally intended to write two more *dumky*, perhaps in G and E, making a symmetrical scheme and ending in the same key in which he started. Such considerations are, however, so obvious that I cannot help feeling that, shaky though his organisation was, Dvořák must have had some other reason for his curious construction: it was unlike him to flout the conventions. Quite apart from its form, the Trio is also notable for the amount of material that is never heard at all: I doubt if any performance can realise all that is implicit in the score and there could be no greater tribute to the composer's prodigious invention than the fact that, with possibly a third of the music never heard, the Trio remains one of the most remarkable works in his whole output.

It seems probable that the miscalculations in this work, so different from the other chamber works with piano, are due to the fact that Dvořák was himself the pianist in the pre-publication performances of the work. The problem of balance in this medium is always difficult and it is fairly certain that the pianist is the last person to appreciate them. As a result, there is some very strange writing. In the first *dumka*, shortly after the tempo has changed to allegro, the piano and violin are playing in sixths. The main melody is given to the piano; but, not surprisingly, it is the violin a sixth

below which is the more prominent. In the A major *dumka* the piano is given a bare melodic line under which the violin plays double-stopped chords: the effect is peculiar and it is hard to believe that the composer intended it. Perhaps the oddest of all is the D minor movement which starts with a curious march on the piano, with a counter-melody on the 'cello and an accompanying figure on the violin. This is tricky enough to start with, as everyone is playing *pianissimo* and no indication is given that the piano and cello must be heard above the violin. Later on, the piano and violin change roles, and as the piano figure is quite unsuited to the violin the music is liable to evaporate. All in all, the Trio is one of the most mysterious of the composer's works.

It is, too, the only one whose intention is not crystal clear. In the other chamber works, though there may be room for discussion about his success, there is usually little doubt about his intentions. The G major Quartet, Op. 106, shows Dvořák in unfamiliar guise as an ingenious and subtle constructor. The first movement, in orthodox sonata form, is extremely concise. This is followed by an extremely beautiful, but extremely long, elegy. The third movement is a short scherzo with two trios (or perhaps more accurately one trio and one episode) and it would seem that the work had got out of proportion. However, this disproportion is rectified in the finale, in the middle of which the material of the first movement is still further developed, and the kinship between the first and last movements is still further emphasised in the coda. The last String Quartet (Op. 105), though a masterpiece in its way, has none of these subtleties. The ever popular Piano Quintet is pervaded by a motto figure, used, for once, with such discretion that reference to the score is necessary to establish its presence. The work undoubtedly benefits from this unifying feature.

Among the lesser-known works there is much of interest in the D minor Quartet, Op. 34, and that in E major. (This is Op. 27 on the manuscript but was bafflingly published as Op. 30.) The Terzetto for two violins and viola and the Bagatelles for two violins, cello and harmonium are not only enchanting, but ingenious in their handling of difficult media.

Although his output was so large, surprisingly little of Dvořák's chamber music has maintained itself in the repertoire. In the case of the two last quartets this is a pity, but apart from them there are no neglected masterpieces in the chamber music. Yet in every example at some point occurs the freshness and melodic charm that make Dvořák, in spite of his evident and numerous weaknesses, one of the most lovable of composers.





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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## BOTTLING GOOSEBERRIES

IF YOU ARE bottling gooseberries in a sugar syrup, be sure to cut off with a sharp, stainless-steel knife not only the tops and tails but also a small slice from each end of the gooseberry. This allows the syrup to penetrate right into the berry and so avoids shrivelling or toughening of the skin. The only trouble with packing gooseberries is that you must avoid too many air spaces between them. I like a straight-sided jar (one without a neck or shoulder). That allows me to get my hand right in to pack the gooseberries as tightly as possible in rows. The alternative is to push them into position with the handle of a wooden spoon. Or jar them down by banging the bottle on to your hand. It is almost impossible completely to avoid those little air-bubbles that stick to the whiskers after the fruit has been processed. But they do no harm, and generally disappear after the bottled fruit has been stored for a while.

Once the fruit is packed, there are several ways of processing it. I have chosen just two to tell you about because they are not only efficient, they are time-savers.

The first method is, in most respects, exactly the same as the usual deep-pan or water-bath method. But the difference is that the new method takes only about a third of the time. For those of you who are already fully experienced bottlers there are only three points to note. First, the syrup poured over the goose-

berries must be hot—about 140 degrees F. Second, the water in the pan or water bath must be warm—in round figures about 100 degrees F.—when the jars are put in. And, third, the water in the pan should be brought up to simmering point, just a simmer, in 25 to 30 minutes, and should be kept simmering for 10 minutes.

If you are a beginner at bottling, look up the whole method in a modern preserving book. For instance, there is the Stationery Office publication: *The A.B.C. of Preserving*. It is 1s. 6d.

The second method I would recommend for bottling gooseberries is using a pressure cooker. For this, follow the manufacturers' instructions. The actual processing of gooseberries generally takes only one minute. It is an economical method to choose, particularly if you are picking your own gooseberries and get just enough each time for one or two bottles.

LOUISE DAVIES

## STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

Mash and sieve 1 lb. of strawberries, and add 3 oz. of sugar to this puree. Dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  a cup of hot water, and add this to the strawberries. Mix well, and allow it to cool a little. Beat the whites of 4 eggs stiffly and fold them into the mixture, then add 1 breakfast-cup of whipped, double cream. Place this mixture in a mould and allow it to set in the refrigerator.

When thoroughly set, invert the mould, and decorate the top with fresh strawberries.

JEAN CONIL

## Notes on Contributors

PATRICK KEATLEY (page 3): on the editorial staff of *The Manchester Guardian*

ED MORGAN (page 4): commentator for Columbia Broadcasting System

JAMES H. HUIZINGA (page 5): roving correspondent of *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 6): foreign editor of the *Financial Times*

LOUIS KRAFT (page 11): General Secretary of the South African Institute of International Affairs

CECIL J. ALLEN (page 13): author of *Railways of Today—Their Evolution, Equipment and Operation*, and many other books on railway matters

J. BRONOWSKI (page 18): Director, Central Research Establishment, National Coal Board, since 1950; author of *The Common Sense of Science*, etc.

BURTON PAULU (page 26): manager of the radio station at the University of Minnesota; Fulbright Scholar engaged on a study of British broadcasting

## Crossword No. 1,261. Shakespeare Unbound—IV. By Trochos

(Text of Cowden Clarke's edition)

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 8

Starting from square 1, and running continuously from left to right on alternate lines, is a ten-word verse quotation from a play. (An apostrophe in line three is ignored.) All the clues are from the plays and the answers (unless otherwise stated in brackets) are of five letters, mixed except where the clue is asterisked. Squares marked x are the same letter. A = across; D = down; L = diagonally down to the left; R = diagonally down to the right.

### CLUES

1D. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my —, To hold opinion with Pythagoras.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
										12
	x									
		x				13	14			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26										27
28										29

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 1R. The — streams ran by her. . . Sing willow, willow, willow.  
 2L + 26R. The brize upon her, like a cow in June, — sails and flies. (6)  
 2R. Was ever woman in this humour —? [Unabbreviated]  
 3R. How many hours bring — the day; How many days will finish up the year.  
 4L + 29L. My name is — Whitmore. (6)  
 4R. Whilst summer —, and I live here, Fidele, I'll sweeten thy sad grave.  
 5L. Bourn, bound of land, —, vineyard, none; No use of metal. . .  
 5R. What dreadful — of water in mine ears?  
 6L. Full of strange —, and bearded.  
 6R. 'There is ten thousand—' '—, villain?' 'Soldiers, sir'.  
 7L.\* A plague o' both the —s!  
 7R. A world too wide For his shrunk —:  
 8L. On the gentle Severn's — bank, In single opposition, hand to hand.  
 8R + 28R. It — me got if men my garments wear. (6)  
 9L. The oldest hath — most: we that are young Shall never see so much.  
 10L. We had a kind of light what would —: It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand.  
 10R + 27L. Finds — in trees, books in the running brooks. (6)  
 11L. 'It is offended'. 'See! it —s away!'  
 11D. And from the —, The armourers, accomplishing the knights.  
 12L. A mote in yours, A grain, a dust, a —, a wandering hair. [Plural]  
 13D.\* Where the — sucks. (3)  
 14R. An old man, broken by the —s of state.  
 15D. Bolingbroke and he, Being mounted and both roused in their —.  
 15R. My — is in the coffin there with Caesar.

- 16R. But hast thou yet —'d the Athenian's eyes with the love-juice?  
 17R. In the fatness of these pury — Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.  
 18R. It stands upright, Like lime — set to catch my winged soul.  
 19L. Let them be free, marry them to your —?  
 19R. That sweet aspect of princes, and — ruin.  
 20L. The lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus — gins —.  
 20R. Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows to peck the —s.  
 21L. A little — clears us of this deed.  
 21R. O! what a rogue and peasant —.  
 22L. Sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's —.  
 23L. The — of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interested.  
 24L. Would — as sweet.  
 25L. Authority — from me: of late, when I cried, 'Ho!' . . . kings would start forth.  
 25D. As true as Troilus shall crown up the —.  
 28A.\* Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an —. (3)

## Solution of No. 1,259

G	L	O	R	I	O	U	S	L	A	S	T	S
R	I	P	E	S	P	R	E	E	C	U	R	T
E	S	T	A	T	E	N	E	S	T	L	E	Y
A	T	I	D	I	N	E	S	S	S	L	E	W
T	R	O	L	L	T	R	I	O	L	E	O	A
N	O	N	E	L	E	A	R	N	O	N	U	S
E	T	R	A	I	L	S	O	A	F	I	S	H
S	T	E	R	N	L	E	N	G	T	H	E	N
S	E	A	N	N	O	I	S	E	Y	U	L	E
A	R	R	E	A	R	S	A	D	A	M	I	C
B	S	A	D	T	A	S	T	E	F	I	L	L
B	I	L	L	E	T	U	O	F	A	D	L	A
A	L	L	Y	K	E	E	P	T	R	U	S	T

Prizewinners: 1st prize: I. M. Tolladay (London, W.2.); 2nd prize: Miss R. Thompson (Dun Laoghaire); 3rd prize: Miss M. Bennett (London, S.W.5).



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